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ON THE THRESHOLD.

BY REA.

While I was singing yesterday,
Beneath the lilacs, dear,
A little bird perched overhead
As if it longed to hear.
I cried, "Oh, bird—sing to me!
No song of mine can ever be
So sweet as your wild minstrelsy."

The little bird began to sing:
At every note and sound
It seemed as if strange listeners came
And softly gathered round.
And still the bird sang loud and clear,
I shut my eyes that I might hear
The voices the strange world near.

And when at last the bird was still
I opened wide my eyes,
But all around were but the trees
Uplifting to the skies—
The little bird is far away,
But I beneath the lilacs stray
To that sweet world of yesterday.

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHE paused, startled at the look on his face; absorbed in her story, she never thought how hard it was for the man who loved her to hear her call another man "husband." Sir Hugh checked the words which had risen to his lips.

"Go on, dear," he said gently; it is nothing."

"It was she who made him distrust me," Cecil resumed after a pause. "It was she who aroused his jealousy of me. He took me away from home, we went abroad, she was with us, and when he took me to—" she paused for a moment, closing her eyes in the pain of that recollection—"to Wales she came with us still."

"My poor Cecil!"

"I was very lonely there, Hugh," she continued, leaning her fair head wearily against him, her grey eyes darkening and dilating at the terrible retrospect. "But I should not have minded the loneliness, if I had been at peace; but it was so terrible to feel that they were always watching me, that I was never at any time free from her *espionage*, that my lightest, most natural action, was unjustly construed, that she made my husband believe anything she liked. And I was so friendless, so terribly friendless, Hugh; Laura was so far away, and there was no one else who could help me; even my maid they dismissed because I liked her and she was good to me. Hugh, more than once during that miserable time I was tempted to end the life they made so miserable."

"Hush, my dearest!" he said brokenly. "You are breaking my heart!"

"Forgive me!" she murmured penitently. "Forgive me, Hugh! It will make you judge me more leniently, perhaps, when you know all."

"Could I judge you more leniently than I have done, my beloved?" he said tenderly, putting his hand upon her bowed head. "I can readily believe how terrible your sufferings were."

"There were times," she went on restlessly, rising from her lowly position and walking about the room for a minute or two, then coming back and sinking at his feet again, "when I feared that I was going mad, when the grounds about the house and the hills all seemed full of watchful, spying eyes and mocking voices. Sometimes I took courage and rebelled against the cruel treatment to which they subjected me, and reproached, or implored, or defied them; but I was so powerless, so helpless, while he and she were so calm and strong. They made me desperate often, and if—and if I had done that of which they accused me, I think almost that Heaven would have forgiven me even that?"

Her head sank forward in an agony of humiliation and passionate pain. Sir Hugh said nothing, but his heart burned with anger against the man who had taken so cowardly an advantage of his wife's youth and helplessness and of her most solitary position, that it would hardly have seemed a crime if, in her misery, she had taken any means to obtain her freedom.

Yet he never doubted her; not for a moment did he think that she was guilty of the crime of which she had been accused, but of which she had declared herself innocent.

Life had treated her harshly, his poor Cecil, but it would be his aim to atone for that harshness with his love, and care, and tenderness.

The shades of evening had gathered in the room now; it was almost too dark to see each other's faces in the dusk.

Cecil's voice had grown low and faint during the last few minutes; she was growing exhausted, and Hugh, as he sat with his arm around her, could feel the laboring, uneven pulsations of the throbbing heart.

"Let me hear the rest to-morrow, Cecil," he said gently. "You are weary now and want rest. I can wait until to-morrow easily, now that my greatest fear of all is at rest."

She lifted her restless eyes to his face.

"What was that fear?" she queried eagerly. "What was that fear, Hugh?"

"That you did not love me," he answered, forcing a smile as he looked down at her.

"Did you ever think so, Hugh?"

"Was I not furiously jealous of my best friend?" he replied, smiling still, although his eyes were dim. "You don't know, dear, what harsh and angry things I said to poor Monty."

She hardly seemed to understand him, her eyes wandered away from his face, the little, restless hands struggled in his, the laboring heart throbbed heavily under the soft white folds of her gown.

Hugh's anxiety deepened; he saw that the reaction after this intense excitement was creeping over her—that her need of rest was almost imperative.

"You must rest now, Cecil," he said, in a cheerful, matter-of-fact tone. "You shall tell me the rest to-morrow, dear."

"Let me tell you all now, Hugh," she urged eagerly. "To-morrow! Who knows what to-morrow may bring?"

"It will bring peace and rest to you, my dearest," he replied tenderly. "There will be no secrets between us to mar our happiness, and darken our love."

"No secret?" she repeated softly. "No; you will know all then, Hugh; there is but little more to tell. One night," she went on eagerly; "no let me end, Hugh—the end is so near now—one night it seemed as if I could bear it no longer, and I went up to my room. I had chloral there, which I had used to make me sleep, I could never sleep without it, and I thought it would be so easy to make the dose large enough to give me a sleep from which I need never awaken. I was pouring it out recklessly, when the door opened and my husband came in. I suppose my face told him what I was doing, for his own changed. He sprang to my side and struck the phial and glass from my hand. I think I cried out loud when he did so.

"I had no more chloral, and no means of obtaining any in those wild Welsh hills so far from a large town. He asked me what I was doing, and I told him the truth. He had made my life unbearable, I said, and I wished to end it. He turned pale as death and began to tremble. I think he never knew until then how terribly he had tried me. For some minutes he could not speak, but when he did his voice was changed and tremulous.

"'Are you indeed so unhappy,' he said, 'and through my fault? Is it not rather because you regret your lovers from whom I have parted you?'

"I suppose my face told him how false his idea was, for he came suddenly close to me, and took both my hands.

"'Is this true?' he said. 'Are you a faithful wife after all?'

"I could not speak; I was too exhausted physically and mentally, and too heedless likewise. I think I must have fainted, for there was a short period of darkness, and when I came to myself he was on his knees beside me, holding my hands and kissing them, and asking me wildly to forgive him. Hugh, you can guess how weak and worn out I was, when I burst into tears and let him take me in his arms and soothe me as if I had been a child, while he murmured entreaties for forgiveness, and I felt his tears and kisses upon my face.

"I never resisted," Cecil continued wearily, with a strange contemptuous tone in her voice; "I let him hold me, I let him kiss me. I was passive, helpless, perhaps even a little touched by his kindness. I had been used to harshness and cruelty from him, but tenderness and pity were strange and new. When I grew calmer we had a long talk, and, although he never accused her, I could see that the estrangement between us was due chiefly to Hester Brand.

"I felt, too, that he was sorry, that for a man so proud as he was to humiliate himself as he did to me, to own how wrong he had been, must have been bitter, and I, poor, weak-spirited wretch, accepted his excuses and felt almost grateful for his gentleness.

"Afterwards," the girl went on faintly, shuddering a little as she shrank closer to the squire, "I was glad that I had that memory of him, that he had been good to me that night, since the next morning he was dead."

Her voice failed her; for a moment she seemed as if she was going to faint, but she recovered herself almost immediately.

"I slept heavily that night," she said, "from exhaustion, I suppose. I awoke once to find him sitting beside my bed, watching me, with a look on his face I was glad to think of afterwards. In the morning when I awoke it was late, and I was alone. I dressed, feeling happier than I had done for many months. My starved heart seemed to be grateful even for such kindness as he had shown.

"When I went down stairs he was alone in the dining-room, and breakfast was ready. He came to meet me with a tenderness I had never seen in him since the first days of our married life. 'Hester will not breakfast with us to-day,' he said; 'I want my wife to myself, and I told her she would be *de trop*. I think we must find her another home, Cecil!' My heart leaped for joy when he said that; it seemed as if I were suddenly delivered from some terrible weight."

There was another little silence, then she went on softly:

"I am dwelling on all this, Hugh, because it is the first time it has ever passed my lips. I think, at the time, it made what followed seem even more awful than it was, but afterwards there was some comfort in the recollection. It was a wet morning, raining heavily, and cold, when we sat down to breakfast. Henry had brought his chair close to mine; he was in wild spirits.

"He usually drank tea at breakfast, but this morning he would have my cup of coffee, which had been already poured out, leaving his own little tea equipage untouched at the other end of the table, except that when he took my coffee, he himself fetched the cup from his tray for me, for he had sent the servants away. He drank the coffee rather thirstily, draining the cup at one draught. 'I am not converted to your *café au lait*, Cecil,' he said, 'it is nasty stuff.'"

She rose as she spoke, and stood trembling as she went on.

"Hardly had the words escaped his lips when I saw his face change terribly; I ran to the bell, rang it, and rushed back to his side, throwing my arms about him, asking him what was the matter. Horrocks came at once, and between us we got him to a sofa. At first he seemed to shrink from me, and tried to push me away, but the next moment he drew me to him and I supported his head on my shoulder, while Horrocks got the brandy.

"He could not swallow; he seemed in awful agony for a few minutes. Horrocks sent for a doctor, some of the other servants came in, his eyes were closed; he opened his eyes with a look of intense horror. 'She has done for me,' he murmured. 'Poor Cecil!' Then he feebly turned his head towards me and whispered, 'Kiss me, Cecil!' and as I did so his eyes closed and his head fell forward."

"Cecil, Cecil!" Sir Hugh said tenderly; "this is too much for you! Cease, dear."

She was trembling from head to foot, and clinging to him with her little, shaking hands; even in the dusk he could see the wild light in her dilated eyes; almost, in the silence, he could hear the tumultuous throbbing of her heart. She put her hands up to her head with a pathetic little gesture of pain.

"I do not remember any more," she said hoarsely. "They took me away to my room, and then Hester came to me, and I ran out of the house into the grounds, and then I remember nothing clearly until I awoke from a long period of darkness to find that he had died from poison, and that I was accused of——"

"My poor Cecil!"

Her hands fell from her temples; she was trembling still, and but for his arms she would have fallen.

"They tried me," she went on brokenly. "I was ill for a long time; but when I was better they tried me for my life. I remember little of it, Hugh, only the sea of faces, and voices saying cruel things, and someone with a kind voice, as if he were sorry for me, telling the story of my married life, and pleading for me, and then, when it was almost dark, there was a kind of silence, and they said the jury had gone to consider their verdict, and presently they returned and I heard dimly a voice saying that, though there was grave suspicion against me, there was no evidence, and they took me away, and I knew that I was free."

"My poor, poor Cecil!" Sir Hugh said, almost involuntarily, the tears standing thick in his eyes, as he thought of the terrible ordeal she had gone through.

"You are sorry for me?" she said faintly. "I thought you would be sorry, not angry, although I had deceived you. I was very ill for a long, long time after that, and when I knew anyone again, Laura was with me—the kindest sister, the truest friend a most unhappy woman ever had."

"Heaven bless her!" Sir Hugh said softly, his voice very low and unsteady, his heart sore beyond words at what he had heard.

They were standing together now, Cecil

leaning on her lover, his arm around her; they had drawn near the window and the cool air came to both with refreshing influence.

"Heaven bless her!" Cecil echoed tremulously. "She never doubted me for a moment; she never turned from me; but for her the tale of my life would never have been told. Yet often since," she murmured brokenly, "I have wished she had not nursed me back to health and strength."

"Health and strength!" the young man said, smiling sorrowfully. "Not much of those, my poor child."

"You think not?" she said incredulously. "But, Hugh, if you could know what I have suffered lately, what agonies of remorse at my treachery to you, you would know that I must be very strong. I can bear so much that sometimes, but for this," she pressed his hand close to the throbbing heart, "I should think that nothing would kill me."

"And this we shall soon remedy, darling," he whispered. "You can be quite happy and at rest, now can you not? You will let me take you away from all the old associations, even from Laura, for a while, and when you come home with me—home to Danecourt, you will be quite a robust little woman again."

"Would you bring me home to Danecourt even now?" she whispered.

"Even now, my dearest. Why not?"

"Do you forget what I am in the eyes of so many, Hugh?" she asked, in a low, shamed voice. "Do you forget why I was acquitted? Not because they believed me innocent; oh, no! but because——"

"It means the same thing my darling," he assured her gently, but she lifted her little hand and touched his lips softly.

"Do you know what it meant to all those around me?" she said unsteadily. "It meant that I was a murderess, an outcast, a pariah! When Laura found me, but for the pity of the lawyer who had managed my husband's affairs, I should have been utterly alone. True, I was conscious of nothing save intolerable thirst and burning fever and pain, but save for him I might perhaps have died in the street—save for him and the doctor who had been sent for to my husband and who, from common humanity perhaps, gave me his care and assistance. I heard afterwards that they would not take me in at the hotel, and it was by the surgeon's influence alone, that I was admitted to the hospital, where I lay insensible for so long, and where my only visitor was Mr. Bevan, the lawyer; who, at great inconvenience to himself, came to and fro from London. Don't you think I must be tenacious of life, Hugh?" she added, with a faint, wintry smile which he could not see for the dim light.

"Then," he said, trying to speak lightly, as he held her hand softly to his lips, "if you are so tenacious of life that such a trial, such terrible suffering did not kill you: think how strong you will get with love, care, and tenderness to help your strength back again."

"You forget, dear," she said gently; "one may fight bravely at the beginning of the battle, but after a while one gets so weary, and I—I am so tired, Hugh."

"No wonder, dear," he said cheerily; "I am tired, too, and hungry. It is past dinner time, I am sure, and I suppose your luncheon was a substantial meal for a sparrow. Do you think that Laura will forgive my morning coat if I ask her to give me some dinner?"

Cecil looked at him wonderingly, but the semi-darkness hid the pallor on his face and the pain in his blue eyes, and she only heard the light tone which he so successfully assumed.

Wounded, heartsick, as he was, Sir Hugh knew that by far the best thing for Cecil, worn out as she was with the agitation of the day, was to try and give something of an every day aspect to the rest of the evening. For her sake he hid his own pain, and with an effort resumed his usual manner.

"But if Laura will excuse my coat, darling," he said gaily, "I don't think I can excuse your *deshabille*. Go and make yourself pretty, my dear child, and tell Jessie—I suppose she is upstairs with Laura, gossiping over their tea—that she must borrow some finery if she wants to look festive in Monty's eyes."

"He will not dine here," Cecil said faintly. "He will not break bread with me."

"Why not, love?"

"He thinks me guilty."

"He thought you so, perhaps, he will not think you so now. Cecil, tell me," he held her two hands in his, and bending his head, looked searchingly into the dim light in her eyes, "You are happier now? You will be happy, my beloved?"

"I am happy," she answered softly, although even as the words were spoken she broke into a sob, disengaged her hands from his, and turned away.

Having reached the door she paused, hesitated for a moment, then went slowly back to him; he met her, and took tenderly in his the two little, shaking hands she held out.

"And you," she said unsteadily: "are you happy, Hugh?"

"I am very happy, dearest."

"And you do not curse the day I came to the Gate House?"

"My darling, no! It is not too much to say that I bless the day on which I saw you first."

She tried to speak, to thank him for his generous forgiveness, his perfect love and trust, but no words came; she bent her head low over his kind, strong hands, and left upon them, with her kisses, her tears.

But when she had left him, when he was alone in the empty room, in which the evening shadows had gathered so thickly, Hugh Danecourt sank heavily into a chair, crossed his arms upon its back, and dropped his head upon them in an attitude of complete dejection.

It was well for Cecil's peace of mind that she could not see him then.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE evening of the day which had been so full of varied emotions passed away quietly at the Gate House. Hugh was Mrs. Geith's only guest, for Montagu Arnold had taken Jessie Danecourt back to the Hall.

The squire's face darkened a little when he learned this, but he laughed, and pretended not to see the wistful glance of Cecil's sad eyes, which said plainly enough that she knew why he had taken Jessie home.

"I suppose Monty wanted a private celebration of that reconciliation which is called the feast of love," he said gaily, "and thought he would have more space at his disposal at the Hall; or, perhaps he was considerate, and thought that two pairs of turtle doves under one roof would be unbearable."

And Cecil forced a little smile to her pale lips, and tried to show that she believed his kind excuses, although she felt in her inmost heart that Montagu Arnold believed her unworthy to associate with the woman he wished to make his wife.

She was very pale and silent during the meal, which to them all three was but a mere feint. She had changed her gown and put on one of her pretty white dresses, and done all she could to efface all traces of her agitation and grief.

But all her efforts were powerless to disguise her intense pallor, and the languor of her movements, or the deep sadness which looked out of her gray eyes. Her manner to Sir Hugh, in his intense humility and gratitude, made his lip quiver more than once, and perhaps he had never loved her more deeply than now.

His forgiveness for her deception had been full and free and ungrudging. He knew how deeply the poor girl had suffered; he saw that her fitful moods, her uncertain temper, were only the effects of the anguish she endured at the thought of deceiving him.

He felt how often she had been tempted to tell him all the truth, and how her courage had failed her; and he strove by the intense tenderness of his manner to show that he had fully forgiven, and that he owed her no grudge.

His gentleness, so untouched by reproach, so full of love, almost broke Cecil's heart that evening; and more than once Mrs. Geith felt her eyes fill with tears as she watched his manner to her sister, and thought how great the love must be which could forgive so fully and so entirely. Surely whatever suffering Cecil had known such love was an atonement for it, she thought.

There was no word spoken between them of that subject which was yet uppermost in each mind. The confession might have been unmade, and things might have been in the same position as they were before, for anything that was said, only that sorrowful humility of Cecil's manner, that softened tenderness of Sir Hugh's showed that there was something which had not been there before, when the course of their love had seemed to run so smoothly.

If Cecil Lestrange—or rather to speak more correctly, Cecil Beaumont—had loved Hugh Danecourt before, how much more did she love him now, when she fathomed, for the first time, his great love for her.

The girl's whole heart went out to him in passionate gratitude and love; she would have fallen at his feet and kissed them in her humiliation; she had never dared to hope for forgiveness from him, pity was all she had prayed for; and now, instead of pity, there was love, unbounded love, poured out at her feet.

It was yet early when Sir Hugh left the Gate House, for Cecil's pallor and languid movements told of her need of rest, and it was with a pang of real fear that Sir Hugh looked down at her, as he took her in his arms before leaving her.

She looked so pure, so frail, so fragile, there was so strange a sadness and wistfulness in her eyes, they were so large and lustrous in her white face, and the lips which touched his own, were so hot that he almost started; she looked so tired, so worn, so broken; the little hands lying on his breast were so ivory white and so transparent that it seemed impossible that they should belong to a living, breathing woman.

"You are very tired, you will sleep soundly to-night, my dearest," he said tenderly, putting back her soft hair from her forehead with tender fingers. "You will be happy to-morrow, Cecil."

She looked up at him with restless, lustrous eyes.

"I am happy now, Hugh," she said softly in her pretty, pathetic voice—he had often noticed its prettiness, but never its intense pathos until now—"and you have made me so."

He smiled; the broken words were very sweet to him, loving her as he did.

"Good-night then, my dearest, I may come to you to-morrow. I will not come early, because you must rest as long as you can."

"It is rest to be with you," she answered softly, and murmured "good-night, as he pressed her once more to his throbbing heart.

"Give me one smile to take away with me," he whispered caressingly, "to obliterate this pale, sad, little face from my mind. Cecil, let us be happy, darling, since we love each other."

She looked at him again, smiling a sweet, sudden, radiant smile. What did it matter what the world deemed her since he loved her, since all their future lives should be passed together?

"Good-night, my dearest, my wife," he murmured, passionately kissing her again, and then he slowly released her and turned away.

Mrs. Geith went out with him to the door, the rain had ceased, the sky was cloudless, the stars were shining brightly. It looked like an omen of future peace to Hugh Danecourt.

"Take care of her, Laura," he said gently, as he stooped and kissed the hand she gave him in farewell.

"You may trust me," she answered steadily. "Heaven bless you, Hugh."

And as he went out into the tranquil summer night, Laura went back to her sister to find her still standing still and motionless where he had left her.

"Come dear," she said gently; "I promised Hugh to take care of you. You are tired and overwrought, Cecil"—her voice changed and grew startled, almost alarmed—"what is that look in your eyes? Are you not glad and happy to-night?"

For a minute Cecil made no answer; then the strained, terrible look faded from her face; she put her white hand in her sister's.

"Yes," she said quietly; "I am glad and happy to-night. It almost seems"—a little laugh broke from her—"as if I should never be unhappy again."

And yet, notwithstanding that assurance the summer night passed and dawn came and found her lying awake and sleepless on her bed, with a look in her wide and desolate eyes which showed that happiness was as far as from her pillow, while now and again a moan, an inarticulate word of prayer, a terrible sob of anguish, escaped her.

By the light of his great love, she saw more plainly than she had ever done before, how low she had fallen in her deception of him; by its light, too, she saw how high she might rise if she could find the strength in her broken heart to emulate his self-sacrifice, to give up, for his sake, the love he had given her.

With the summer dawn she rose from her sleepless couch, and going to one of the windows, threw it open, and kneeling down beside it, watched the gradual growth of day.

To her tired eyes the cool green of the trees and lawn was grateful, the pure morning air—surely purer, fresher, and sweeter at that early hour than it ever is later in the day—seemed passing sweet to her.

It would be a fine day, she thought, with a quickened heartbeat, this day, which would bring him to her, many of whose hours they would pass together, without that shadow of a secret between them, with nothing to darken their love and trust.

Hugh loved her; he whom she had wronged so cruelly had forgiven her; the past was past; the future with its sunshine was before her. Why could she not be happy?—why could she not be happy?

She threw her arms out on the low window seat by which she knelt, and laid her tired head upon them.

She was weary of the struggle which had waged in her heart during those long, sleepless hours; she was heart-sick, miserable; she longed with such a great yearning for the love which he had given her, for the rest, peace, and sweetness of the life she would lead with him.

She loved him herself with the one great love of her ardent, passionate nature; to be with him was in itself almost happiness, but to be to him what he had called her on the previous night—his darling, his wife!—ah, that were happiness of which she had never dreamed, beyond the wildest expectations of her girlish days, when she built castles in the air, and dreamed, as girls will dream, of mutual love and bliss unspeakable.

And this mutual love, this great, unspeakable happiness, was within her reach: a few hours before she had accepted it, she had hugged it for a few brief moments to her heart, although even then she felt that it could not be hers—that she, who loved Hugh Danecourt, could not bring disgrace and shame to his honored and stainless name.

And yet—and yet, her life, even under the happiest circumstances, could not last long; why might she not be happy for the short remainder of her existence? It could not be many years, perhaps not many months, before this poor laboring heart would cease to beat, and all would be over for her, happiness and misery alike. She might, at least, expect a little happiness before the end which seemed so near.

She raised herself from her knees slowly and lingeringly; the day had come now, the fair summer day, with all its beauty, and Cecil had decided.

She would be Hugh Danecourt's wife, she would be happy while she could. He knew all, and since he was willing, aye, more than willing to overlook her disgrace, to ignore the stain, the undeserved stain upon her name, no one else had a right to interfere, no one should come between them. No one!

She turned from the window and began to dress, her cold bath refreshed her a little, and brought a slight tinge of color to her faded cheek, but the lustre and brightness had left her eyes, which looked tired and languid.

Looking at herself in the glass when she was dressed, she saw that her beauty had faded somewhat, that she was changed. A long sigh escaped her lips, her beauty was precious to her for Hugh's sake, she could not bear that it should fade.

When Mrs. Geith's maid came with some tea, she was surprised to find Cecil up and dressed. She was sitting in her favorite window seat, with her little hands clasped in her lap.

There were two notes on the salver beside the cup of tea, one—the uppermost—in Sir Hugh's handwriting. Cecil's heart began to throb so violently that she could not speak, there came a sudden mist before her eyes which almost blotted out the great bunch of fragrant Marechal Niel roses which the maid carried, and which Sir Hugh had sent with the note. She took them in her shaking hands and bent her head over them, inhaling their sweetness.

"I have tired myself dressing, Annette," she said quietly. "I will rest here until breakfast time. I shall not require you."

The maid deposited her tray and left the room; Cecil put down the roses and caught eagerly at the little note which lay uppermost on the tray, and tore it open.

It contained only a few tender words from Sir Hugh; on his return home on the previous night, he had found a telegram, forwarded from the nearest town, which required his immediate presence there. He would be back in the evening, he added, when he hoped to find his darling well and happy.

The tender words revived Cecil's failing strength, brought back a little of the brightness to her eyes, and showed her how his lightest word had power to brighten her life or darken its sunshine. She put the letter in her bosom; it seemed to ease the pain at her heart.

"When I am with him again," she murmured, "I shall forget all these foolish scruples, and I shall be happy. He is my life; I could not live without him now."

She drank her tea leisurely, fondled the

fragrant roses on her lap, and touched them tenderly with her lips as she inhaled their fragrance, and sweetness, and beauty, before she remembered the other missive. The took it up languidly then, and broke the seal; the writing was Anne Danecourt's she knew; she had had many a kind little note from her, yet this one, as she opened it, seemed to chill her heart, and when she put it down, it seemed as if the bright summer sunshine had faded, and the earth had suddenly grown dark.

Yet it was as kindly written and as affectionate as ever; it ran thus:

"DEAR CECIL—Can you spare me a few minutes this morning? I will walk over between eight and nine, and if you can see me I shall be glad. If you are resting I will not disturb you, and will come again later. I hope you are better. Jessie is quite well and happy to-day.

Your friend, ANNE DANECOURT."

The note fluttered out of Cecil's fingers and lay at her feet; her head sank forward on her breast; a curious stillness seemed to have taken possession of her; she sat motionless like one turned to stone; she had not stirred when a light knock came at her door and was followed by Anne Danecourt's entrance; she did not stir when Anne came slowly in and stood beside her by the open window.

The sun was bright in the blue heavens now; the birds were twittering in the full-leaved trees; the scent of Cecil's roses was sweet upon the summer air.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOR some minutes there was silence between the two women; Cecil sat still and passive, no change had come over her face; she seemed as if she saw and heard nothing; her face expressed blank, stupid—or rather, stupified despair.

Anne Danecourt was also silent and motionless; she, too, was very pale and evidently deeply moved; her blue eyes, eyes like her brother's, true and steadfast and beautiful, were full of sorrow and compassion, but her mouth, like Sir Hugh's, too, in its sweetness and sincerity, was firmly set. To a close observer, it would have been plain that she had come there under the influence of some strong determination and resolve, at some cost to herself.

"Cecil," she said gently, at length, but the word did not reach Cecil's numbed senses, and she made no reply; she neither moved nor spoke, nor did her face change from its stony calm.

"Cecil," Anne Danecourt said again bending slightly towards her, and laying her hand upon her shoulder—and the touch had more power than the voice. The girl started as if she had received an electric shock, and shrank away from her visitor, shaking like an aspen. "Cecil," Miss Danecourt said gently, "it is as your friend that I am here. You do not fear me, my child?"

Still the girl said nothing—speech with such trembling lips, such gasping breath, was impossible; besides, she knew on what mission Miss Danecourt had come—she knew only too well that the doubts and fears which had kept her on the rack all night were about to be realized now. She turned her face towards her visitor, its apathetic despair melting into real passion and anguish now.

And before Anne could put out her hand to prevent her, she had slid down on her knees at her feet.

"Forgive me," she gasped with trembling, upraised hands, catching convulsively at Miss Danecourt's gown—"forgive me!"

"Since Hugh has forgiven, there is no wrong for me to forgive," was the gentle answer. "How can I reproach you, my poor child, when I see—I cannot help seeing—how you have suffered? Yet, was it right, Cecil, to deceive us thus?"

"It was so easy," Cecil said unsteadily; "so fatally easy. You never doubted us for a moment, you trusted us so frankly, that it made it all the easier—and yet, Heaven knows, all the harder, too. When we came we had no intention of doing aught but trying to escape the shame and ignominy which seemed to dog my footsteps; we wanted to be quiet in a place where no one would guess who I was—where no one could look at me with contempt."

She paused breathlessly. She was still kneeling at Anne's feet, and her hands held the folds of her gown in a close, convulsive clasp. There was a wild appeal, a faint reproach in her eyes, which made Miss Danecourt feel almost as if she were cruel, as if what she was going to do were inhuman.

She bent towards her and tried to lift her to her feet; but Cecil resisted, she felt that her trembling limbs could not support her—that if she tried to stand her weakness would overcome her.

"We came here, and it was so quiet, so peaceful, so solitary, that it seemed as if we had found a haven indeed," she went on wretchedly; it seemed so good a place to spend the last few months of one's life in, and I knew I could not live long. And then—and then, he came."

Her head sank; a faint, sweet color rose in the fair, thin cheek, giving back to her wan face some of its lost loveliness; her eyes lighted up with sudden tenderness; her lips quivered.

"And he loved me," she went on, softly and tremulously. "He loved me, he says, from the first time he saw me, while I——"

She pressed her hands to her heart, she rose unaided to her feet, strong for a brief moment with the power of her love.

"Could any woman whom he loved resist him?" she said passionately. "Could I, who had never before had known the sweetness of such love as his? I, too, loved him from that day—that first, most sweet, most bitter, bitter day. But although at first I yielded, it was so sweet, and I was so young, and life had been so cruel to me, when I saw the madness of it I tried to resist. I was cold to him, and when he told me that he loved me, although my heart went out to him, I tried to send him away—to make him believe that I did not love him!"

A faint bitter, desolate smile touched her lips for a moment, then faded.

"I tried and failed. The attempt almost killed me, the failure seemed to break my heart. When he knew what I had so failed to hide from him—that I loved him—he would not leave me; and I—oh, Anne, think what my life has been and you will not wonder that I yielded; you will see how impossible it was that I should resist him!"

"But if he had known the truth at first," Anne said gently, and Cecil made a little despairing gesture.

"If he had, if I had had but the courage to tell him, but I had not; besides, I hoped that he would never know. We seemed so secure here. Hugh left home so seldom that I thought that, for the little while left to me, I could keep the secret and take it with me to my grave. I had been so miserable; I was starving for a little happiness before the end came, and I was so happy. How could I tell him?"

"And," Miss Danecourt's voice was cold and stern now, "you meant to have carried on your deception until the end? You would have married my brother without telling him the truth, but for Montagu Arnold's arrival?"

"Yes," Cecil answered wearily. "I had thought, and thought, and thought, and the end was always the same—I could not tell him! And yet, you see," and a sudden radiance flashed into her eyes, making them gloriously beautiful, "if I had it would have made no difference; he is willing to overlook the stain which so unjustly rests upon me; he loves me—treacherous, base, deceitful as I am, he loves me!"

There was a strange mixture of anguish and triumph in her voice as she uttered the words. It seemed almost as if she rejoiced in, and yet regretted, Hugh's generous pardon.

Her eyes met Miss Danecourt's for the first time during their interview, and their radiance was clouded now by something almost like terror.

"My brother is an honorable man," Anne Danecourt said coldly and proudly. "Your treachery to him does not free him, or, so he believes, from his promise to you. He will keep it faithfully, at no matter what cost to himself, if you choose to hold him to his word?"

Her words fell clearly and coldly on the silence; she had drawn away from Cecil, and her face had changed; it looked pitiful no longer, it was proud, and stern, and severe.

Cecil, who had been standing erect, staggered slightly back, and caught at a chair near her, as if she needed its support.

A minute's silence followed the cold, clear words; Cecil's eyes were fixed upon Miss Danecourt's face, a terrible pallor covering her own; what she had feared had come. Would she have courage to fight for what was so precious to her?

"What do you mean?" she said faintly, in a low, hollow tone.

"Do you need to ask?" Anne Danecourt said coldly, yet her face had softened a little at the sight of the anguish in Cecil's eyes. "Hugh will keep his faith to you as I have said, if you hold him to his word."

"If I hold him?" Cecil said faintly.

"Yes; if you hold him to a promise won from him under false auspices," Miss Danecourt said quietly and very coldly. She was sorry for Cecil, but she could not help resisting, and that bitterly, the wrong done to her brother. "Do you think for a moment that if he had known who you were he would have ever thought of making you his wife?"

"He could not help loving me," Cecil said in a low tone, as she stood with her head drooping on her breast, her eyes full of despairing anguish, fixed on the carpet.

"He would have helped it—he would have left you long before his affection for you had taken any hold upon him."

"Would he?" the girl said wistfully. "Are you sure? He will not leave me now that he knows all."

"Because, as I have said, he is an honorable man. Hugh will keep his word at any cost to himself."

"But is the cost so great?" Cecil queried in her pretty pathetic broken voice. "Is the price of my love so high? No one will know—no one can know, and when we are married it will be more difficult still."

"He will know, and we know," Anne Danecourt replied coldly. She was a true and good woman, but her pride of birth was strong, and she was jealous exceedingly of the stainless honor of her name. "Besides, what safety could we feel that the secret which we hold here, perhaps, but which is no secret, since all the world may know it—what safety could we feel, I ask you, that it should not be discovered by some chance, and our name and family, of which Hugh is the representative, dishonored, tarnished forever? And a woman who loved my brother unselfishly would gladly die rather than bring so great a stain upon him," she continued passionately—"a stain which could never be effaced."

"But"—Cecil's faint voice had a touch of bitterness mingled with its pain—"I cannot die."

"But you can save him from so great a dishonor," Miss Danecourt said sternly; "you can undo, in a measure, the great wrong you have done him—only in a measure perhaps, because he must suffer, aye, and suffer cruelly, through your deceit! But you need not consummate that wrong you need not darken all his future life."

"Darken all his life!" Cecil repeated, in a faint, bitter, broken voice.

"Yes, if he marries you, all his life to come will be wretched; he will never know happiness again. Oh, I know," she added quickly, interrupting Cecil as she was about to speak, "what you would say—that your love would make him happy under any circumstances. Well, perhaps he thinks so now, but he would soon awake from so wild a delusion, when he finds himself shunned, his wife avoided, and knows that if any children are born to him they will bear from their infancy a stained and dishonored name."

"But——" Cecil tried to speak, but the words would not come; she put her hand up to her throat with a nervous gesture.

"You are innocent of the crime of which you are accused?" Anne Danecourt said quickly. "You say so, and I believe you, but you did not leave the court with an unstained name. You were acquitted because there was not proof enough to condemn you. And—and, Cecil, believe me, I do not wish to be harsh to you, but no one else has been found guilty of that mysterious death."

"No one else?" Cecil repeated wearily; every minute strengthened the case against her, she felt drearily, and she had not the strength; heart and mind were too sick and weary, to fight even for what was so precious to her.

"Even if it had been so," Anne went on gravely, "if you had been proved innocent beyond all question, if the crime of which you were accused had been brought clearly home to another, I should still regret my brother's marriage with you. The woman whom he brings home to Danecourt to occupy my mother's place, to carry on a noble line, should have no such retrospect as such a trial, no such stain, no such suspicion upon her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BASHFULNESS AND CRUELTY.—An annoying practical joke was played on a bashful young man who was accompanying a lady on a journey. While going through a tunnel a friend knocked off the bashful young man's hat, forced his fingers through his hair, kissed the back of his own hand, and then slapped his own face violently. When the light came every one in the car looked in that direction and the friend was apparently the most surprised of all. The ruffled appearance and confusion of the victim convinced the spectators that he had tried to steal a kiss, and had been slapped.

Bric-a-Brac.

A MUSICAL SHIRT.—A new idea is the "musical shirt," for the use of chorus singers, cornet-a-piston players, triangle, cymbal and bone players. On the sleeves the music is printed, so that singers and players of instruments need not have desks or stands for their music.

ALL SLAVES.—A thousand years ago nearly all the working people of England were slaves. There was a regular slave market in Bristol for hundreds of years. The slaves were sometimes sold into foreign parts, but in general they were kept on the land on which they were born.

A LEGEND OF THE CUCKOO.—The cuckoo once had a crown on her head, till at a wedding among the birds, at which the hoopoo was bridegroom, she lost it, and has never been able to get it back. She is always crying out "Kiuko?" which means "you rascal!" to which the other replies, "Idu! Idu!" "I come! I come!" but comes not.

WASH-DAY.—Washing day was by no means very exhausting in the reigns of the Tudors in England. In one grand house, where were more than one hundred and sixty-six persons and fifty strangers daily, there were nine tablecloths. There were no sheets at all, and the washing bill for the year was only eight dollars, including the linen belonging to the chapel.

FRIENDS OF CATS.—Instances are frequent of illustrious persons who have been attached to cats, and of cats who have merited such attachment. Mohammed would seem to have been very fond of cats, for it is said that he once cut off the sleeve of his robe rather than disturb his favorite while sleeping on it. Petrarch was so fond of his cat that when it died he had it embalmed, and placed in a niche in his apartment; and cat-haters should read what Rousseau has said about pussy.

STRAIGHT FOR THE DOOR.—Among the peasants of North Holland, when a young man is enamored of a girl, he repairs to the house of her parents at nine o'clock exactly, and generally on a Sunday. If on entering he is offered a chair, he may consider himself a welcome visitor, when the parents withdraw, in order that he may press his suit. If not, the damsel addresses him in a pair of poetical lines, the blunt meaning of which is that he had better make as straight for the door as the flames go up the chimney.

EGGS IN CHINA.—One of the greatest delicacies provided in China are ducks' eggs, hard boiled, quite black, and of incalculable age—antediluvian perhaps, as nothing is considered respectably old in China unless it dates back some thousand years. But, joking apart, it appears that the value of these black eggs really increases with their age. The Chinese epicure discriminates between the eggs of successive decades, treating his most honored guests to the oldest and most costly, just as the owner of a good cellar here brings forth his choicest old wines. The charm of a lightly boiled fresh egg is quite unknown to the Celestial palate, which only recognizes eggs when hard boiled, and much prefers them in advanced age. For ordinary use, and especially as a light diet for invalids, eggs are simply preserved by being steeped in salt water mixed with either soot or red clay, in which they are baked when required.

KOSHER.—The Rabbi of the principal synagogue in Berlin, recently testified as follows, relative to "Kosher" (conforming to ritualistic requirements) meat at a trial of a butcher charged with offering "unclean" meat to Jewish customers: "The Mosaic law requires that the Jew butcher be a person of good reputation and morals, and, after undergoing an examination by the Rabbi, should only exercise his particular function on the strength of a certificate. One of the tests of his fitness for the place consists in promptly resharpening his knife, which the Rabbi has purposely blunted. During the act of butchering he has to say certain prayers; he must see that the blood falls upon ashes or peat, and, above all things, he must avoid being touched by any one while in the act, this in itself rendering the meat unclean. He is required to put his seal upon the carcase, giving the date on which the animal is killed. No Israelite is permitted to eat fowl which has been killed more than three days before."

A SAN FRANCISCO concern is making pressed brick out of coal ashes and cinders. These bricks have stood the severest tests for strength, and are made without baking and burning.

FOR EVER AND AYE.

BY ANNETTE CALTHORP.

In the soften'd light of a summer eve,
In the shelter'd nook of a woodland dell,
Where the late bee linger'd, loth to leave,
The last faint rays of the sunlight fell
Over her face, so fair, so sweet—
Over his words so free and fond:
A lip never before were the hours so fleet,
Never a vision so bright beyond—
"Love, come what must, or come what may,
I will be true for ever and aye!"

Into a far land wander'd he,
A soldier seeking to win renown;
And whether he sought it—shore or sea—
By lonely desert or leaguer'd town,
There follow'd ever a woman's prayer:
And be he distant, or be he dead,
She hearken'd his words in the silent air
As softly the echoes whispered—
"Love, come what must, or come what may,
I will be true for ever and aye!"

In the dim light of cathedral aisles
A valiant warrior weds his bride,
A rich, proud lady, full of smiles—
Proud of the hero by her side,
Who, kneeling at the altar rail,
Where fall the organ's deep'ning tones,
Hears not yon crouching, crush'd one's wail—
Heeds not the words she, sobbing, moans—
"Oh, come what must, or come what may,
Were you not mine for ever and aye!"

Into the depths of the silent night,
Up to the great white throne on high,
A weary spirit hath winged its flight—
A broken heart at his door doth lie;
For some women trust, and so men vow,
And the world wags on in careless glee,
Till the stricken of heart, forsaken now,
Seeks an heaven of rest where, perchance, there be—
Let come what must, or come what may—
Hearts leal and true for ever and aye!

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

I SAW him, though powerless to save him, reel into space as it were, his arms flung outward into the wet windy darkness behind him.

I heard a groan—a crash—a terrific thud, sickening to the ear, upon the terrace-flags beneath the window.

He had been there one moment; the next he was gone!

I leaned far out into the black gloom. The moon had gone in again. The rain fell heavily upon my bare head.

The sound like that of the sea traveled very mournfully now through the ghostly trees in the pleasaunce and through the tall yew-hedge beyond it.

"Daryl—Daryl!" I called frenziedly. "It it you, Daryl—really you?"

And no other word then could I speak—only his name—"Daryl, Daryl, Daryl!"

A moan, faint and pitiful in the wet and windy darkness, came up to me from the terrace-stones below.

And that moan was the only answer to my cry.

* * * * * *

I believe it was merely for a few seconds, not longer, that I remained thus completely unnerved and stupefied, just at a time when presence of mind was required before aught else, and when every minute was precious—crouching there by the open bedroom window, the midnight rain blowing in upon me, and listening helplessly to Daryl's moaning voice that came up to me so faintly from the dark terrace-walk.

Only for a few weak dazed seconds, and then I sprang to my feet—pale enough, I know, and dishevelled, but with every faculty roused and alert.

Some women, I am well aware, would be but poor limp useless fools in a terrible emergency of this kind.

I am thankful however that I am not one of them.

The past half-dozen years, with the bitter experience they had brought to me, had strengthened, it may be hardened, my character.

I was no longer a timid and careless girl.

I had lived, loved, and suffered—in brief, I was a woman, and morally in reality, I think, stronger than most.

The truth must out, and must be faced now—there was no help for it! No longer could it be shirked and kept in the background.

The hour for it had come, and it must be told; an hour too was it of sternest necessity, of grimmest reality—there could be no doubt of that.

The time of dreaming and vacillation had gone by; prompt, swift action and cool common-sense above all things were suddenly demanded in place of them.

And the hour, thank Heaven, found me strong and ready!

As quietly as I could go I flew to Mrs. Jessamy's room. In as few words as possible I explained to her what had happened.

She sat bolt-upright in bed, well-nigh scared out of her senses, and as white as the sheets around her.

"Lor' ha' mercy upon us!" the dame ejaculated. "What is to be done, Mrs. Deane?"

I told her what I thought ought to be done, meanwhile suppressing as best I could my own agitation and excitement.

"Lose no time. Call up directly some of the men-servants, and send one of them as fast as horse can take him to Hazel for Doctor Wynter. But, whatever you do, if it be possible, do not disturb Mrs. Eversleigh and the Squire too abruptly; I mean—I mean, for the present at any rate. Let us first ascertain the worst. I—I myself am going immediately to the terrace. Join me there, Mrs. Jessamy, please, will you? And—and it would be best to bring some one with you the instant you come to me."

Three minutes later I was out of doors, wrapped from head to foot in a thick gray woolen shawl, and had fought my way through the wind and the rain round to the broad high terrace above the pleasaunce.

I found him; I bent close over him; I raised his head to my knee; I called him very tenderly by name, yet he did not answer me.

But he was not dead, for now and then he groaned as he lay there upon the cold flagstones.

"Daryl—Daryl," I whispered, "it is I, Flower, your wife! Speak to me, dear, if you hear and understand."

He moaned again—that was all.

I had remembered to bring some brandy with me, and I managed to put the glass to his lips.

He swallowed a little of it. In the stormy gloom which enshrouded us I peered yet lower, yet more eagerly, into his quiet face; and I fancied that his eyes had opened and were staring upward into mine.

"Daryl," I said again, very softly, "do you know me, dear? It is I, Flower. They will come out to us and help us directly. A doctor will soon be here."

He just stirred ever so slightly; but I could perceive he was not conscious.

And for this insensibility I thanked Heaven fervently in silence, for I knew that his injuries—oh, my poor Daryl!—must necessarily be of a dreadful nature.

Leaning over him, with my warm woolen shawl I made a shelter for his head as it rested against my knee, so that the cold rain should not beat upon his face.

And, as I bent thus above him, and felt his head touching my bosom, something of the old great love that I had once conceived for him, but that had now lain for so long moribund far down in my heart, awoke within it, stirred again ever so tremulously; and with a sob of deepest pity I bowed my head to Daryl's and kissed his chill white brow.

Was he dead? Heaven grant not! In this solemn hour, when Death was hovering so near to us, when earth and all things earthly seemed "nothing worth," or of little account, I began to yearn with an intense yearning to hear the man who in the days that were gone had been my—ah, no, no!—who still was my husband, say just once, "Flower, I forgive you!"

For, granted that he far more than I had been in the wrong, I perhaps had not been altogether blameless. I could not tell—I was not sure now!

"Oh, Daryl," I cried piteously, "say, dear, that you forgive me! Do not leave me for ever with those words unsaid."

And, although that low, long-drawn, suffering sound was, as before, his only response, I was unspeakably glad to hear even that, for it told me that life still lingered in the mangled body, Daryl's soul had not fled from me yet, and so there might be hope still.

Presently I saw a group of figures—alike fantastically clad and indistinct in outline, and with their shadows cast weirdly along the wet terrace-pavement and upon the gloomy walls of the house—hastening towards Daryl and me.

Two of the men carried lanterns; others were bearing between them a narrow mattress.

Mrs. Jessamy, breathless and distressed, led the way.

"Oh, ma'am—Mrs. Deane," wept the good old soul—"will he know any of us? I always loved him—always. Will he—can he speak to me, the dear lad?"

"No."

"Oh, Mrs. Deane," she was beginning again; but I checked her abruptly.

"Do not call me that!" I cried sternly, passionately. "It is not, it never was my name!"

In tearful wonder Mrs. Jessamy gazed at me. I believe she thought that my reason was at fault.

But it was no time for questions—explanations—idle, unnecessary talk. She knew that as well as I.

"I will make it clearer—will tell you more by-and-by," I added hurriedly. "Forgive me, Mrs. Jessamy! I didn't mean to speak to you as I did just now."

Very carefully had the men lifted Daryl and placed him upon the narrow mattress.

The hall door was open; upon the wet gloom outside the light from within streamed ruddily forth, and very carefully and slowly they made their way towards it.

I and Mrs. Jessamy—like funeral mourners—followed the men and their burden. The stable-yard clock chimed a quarter to one.

"You have sent, I hope, for Doctor Wynter?" I said.

"Yes, ma'am. He ought to be here soon, I should say."

"In which room will they put him?"

"Mr. Daryl, you mean?"

"Yes."

The dame, in a broken voice scarcely audible, explained that the mistress, before going to bed, had given her—Mrs. Jessamy—to understand that Mr. Leigh Eversleigh might at any hour, and without warning, arrive at Redknights; therefore it would be best that a room, his usual one, should at once be prepared for him, as the hour of his coming was so uncertain.

This, said Mrs. Jessamy, in accordance with the mistress's wish, had been seen to without delay.

She herself, with her own hands, had aired the sheets and lighted a fire in the room before she had gone upstairs.

Very fortunately, as it happened, all was done and in readiness; and now Mr. Daryl must have that room.

"And it is the one, you say, that Mr. Eversleigh usually occupies when he is here?" I inquired quickly.

"Yes, ma'am. It is the third you come to in the bachelors' corridor."

"That is downstairs, is it not?"

"Yes, ma'am, downstairs, close to the billiard and smoking rooms. There will be no stairs to carry him up," whispered Mrs. Jessamy—"if you were thinking of that."

"Yes, Mrs. Jessamy, I was thinking of that."

We reached the hall door. The men and their burden went in first. The old housekeeper, halting a moment, touched my arm.

"The dear mistress knows," said she, brushing away her tears with a corner of the ancient marketing-cloak, a marvellous wide garment of other days—which she had hastily thrown around her ere she joined me upon the terrace.

"Knows of this—this accident, do you mean?" I exclaimed anxiously.

"Yes, ma'am. You see we were obliged to tell her. She had heard the commotion, the hurrying to and fro, the running about overhead, I suppose—for men are so clumsy—and she came out in her dressing-gown to learn what was the meaning of it all. She insisted upon being told; and so, ma'am, there was no help for it——"

Here Marion Eversleigh herself glided towards us, trembling and very pale, but, on the whole, calmer and braver in the circumstances than I had dared to hope. It had frightened me to think how this terrible calamity might affect her.

Fearfully she glanced at the dark quiet figure upon the mattress, and clung to me as she said with a shudder—

"Oh, Frances, Frances, this is dreadful, dear! What shall we do? Tell me more about it—how it happened. I could not understand Mrs. Jessamy—she was too upset and excited. It all seems so terrible—I—I do not comprehend."

For a space I held her to my breast—almost convulsively held her to me thus.

"Do not—do not any longer call me 'Frances,'" I muttered hysterically—"I cannot bear it!"

She raised her worn sad eyes inquiringly.

"Why, what are you saying, dear? That I am no longer to——"

I interrupted her. I put her gently aside.

"Presently—presently," I said hurriedly, "I will tell you more. Come, let us go with them, they are taking him to Mr. Eversleigh's room. We must do all that we can, you know, until Doctor Wynter arrives to help us."

"My dear Mrs. Deane, I am here," said a brisk voice close to us; and, turning with a start, most thankfully we beheld the Hazel surgeon.

He had already divested himself of hat and overcoat, and was then drawing off his stout driving-gloves.

He went at once to the room in the bachelor's corridor, whither the men-servants, directed by Mrs. Jessamy, had carried Daryl.

Marion Eversleigh and I, now and then shivering with anxiety and apprehension, waited outside the door of that sad room.

We clung to each other, waiting for the verdict, waiting to learn the worst, but saying never a word.

The doors of Redknights were thick; only the subdued buzzing of half a dozen voices stole out to us as we waited in the corridor.

By this time the whole household had been roused and was astir; and it all felt very ghostly and sorrowful in these dark, chill, small hours of a new day.

The old Squire and the valet Buckle, in their remote part of the great house, alone at present, were in ignorance of what had happened.

"Frances," breathed Mrs. Eversleigh, suddenly, "the sleeve of your gown is quite wet—soaked through! I can feel it! Is it—is it rain?"

There was a lamp upon the panelled wall near where we stood. I moved a little away from her, and, with my back to Marion Eversleigh, I held up my arm to the light. I examined the sleeve narrowly.

"Yes," I said at last, as calmly as I could—"it is rain."

It was not. Rain, it was true, there might be upon it; but something else had soaked my sleeve red—and that was blood.

Just then Doctor Wynter came out to us, Mrs. Jessamy, her faithful old eyes inflamed with crying, following him. He looked exceedingly grave.

"Well?"

With painful eagerness I put the brief inquiry; whilst Mrs. Eversleigh remained quite quiet, holding my quivering hand tightly within her own.

"I find that I must drive back immediately to Hazel," replied Doctor Wynter evasively. "I am in urgent need of things which I have not with me. I shall not be gone long. In the meantime Mr. Darkwood must on no account be left alone for a minute. If he speaks—at present he is not conscious—get him to take a tea-spoonful of brandy—not more—whenever he can until I return. It will do him no harm——"

I broke in impatiently:

"Of course. What we want to know, if you please, Doctor, is—is there any hope at all? Can he live?"

"Impossible."

When I could speak once more I said:

"How long—how long, Doctor, will it be before——"

"He may linger for some few hours yet—it is possible, mind you, though, not likely—but it is certain that he will not live to see another sunset. With great difficulty we have succeeded in cutting his clothes from off him, and I find that he is dreadfully hurt—and no wonder, dear madam," murmured Doctor Wynter smoothly, turning to Daryl's aunt Marion. "His spine and one of his legs are fractured," said the surgeon, "and there are other hopeless injuries besides."

I cried out passionately—

"I shall stay then with him—watch with him until he dies!"

Mrs. Eversleigh, the old housekeeper, and the Hazel surgeon, all three of them, were staring at me, seemingly struck dumb with surprise. It was Mrs. Eversleigh who at last spoke.

"We cannot allow that, dear Frances," she said, in her quiet loving way, and she put her arm around my waist as if to so lead me from the door of Daryl's room, "on the contrary, you must go to your bed and rest. I am sure that you are worn out as it is. You have done enough for us, indeed too much, dear, already. It is for me and Mrs. Jessamy to stay with Daryl, dear, not you."

"Yes, for me," said I firmly, "if anyone! My place now, so long as he is alive, is by Daryl Darkwood's side."

"Frances!"

"Dear Mrs. Eversleigh," I said more gently, my head dropping wearily to her shoulder, "believe me, I am not crazy. I know quite well what I am saying—it is the simple truth. Do not—do not ever again call me 'Frances'; it is not my name; I—I have deceived you! Forgive me—oh, forgive me if you can—I am Daryl Darkwood's wife!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

THROUGHOUT that most sorrowful night I watched in Daryl's room. Nobody now disputed my right to do this; for it was, I fancy, vaguely felt by every one, incomplete as was as yet my confession of that fact, that I had spoken but the solemn truth.

My words and my manner together, I suppose, had carried conviction with them, despite the enigma of it all.

Looking back from now, a gladder and sunnier time—to the long hours of that dark vigil by Daryl's bedside, it is difficult to realize, even in memory, how simply and naturally things by degrees adjusted themselves; how one event followed upon the heels of another; how grief and disaster led to joy and light; how black mystery vanished and truth asserted herself, until my life was cleared of all reproach, and the past to me and mine—thank Heaven—appeared as though it had never been!

Yes, looking back, I say, from now to then, everything in truth seems so dim and so unreal that it is singularly hard to conceive over again the grim reality of circumstances which once prevailed.

Such is the mercy of the great magician, Time—ever cruel and yet ever kind, ever the true friend of all sorrow and of all wrong!

Of that night however I can recall several incidents that in memory rise up more vividly by far than do others of the same and date. This of course is only natural.

For instance, I recollect distinctly Doctor Wynter's returning to Redknights, bringing with him a flat case of surgical instruments and also a quantity of lint and oil-silk.

He seemed to have been gone for hours; actually—so they assured me—it was barely half an hour.

I recollect too how oddly and how keenly the surgeon watched me as I washed the oozing blood from a horrid gash which he, Doctor Wynter, upon examination had found beneath Daryl's thick beautiful hair.

An unerring instinct told me what was passing through the mind of the surgeon. He was thinking that, if what he saw in me was grief for my husband, it was an emotion curiously cold and repressed.

"All the same, I loved him once—very dearly once," I said audibly, in a hollow mechanical tone—"though you may not believe it. But I did—I did, I tell you! I loved him more dearly than life itself."

I looked straight, and perhaps somewhat defiantly, at Doctor Wynter as I said this; whilst he answered me with a slight deprecating movement of the shoulders, and went and busied himself in another part of the room.

Some one was standing behind me, and a light tremulous hand was laid upon my head. I looked up. I then saw that it was Marion Eversleigh herself. She had a little tray with her, and upon it there were wine and sandwiches. She forced me to swallow some of the refreshments, lest I should faint, she said anxiously, from sheer exhaustion. She remembered how little I had been able to eat at dinner on the past evening.

"Has he spoken? Is he conscious?" she asked very low.

"No, not yet."

"I wish," she began, "you would go and lie down, Fran——"

She corrected herself.

"I wish, dear, that you would allow me to take your place for an hour or two, so that you might rest," said Marion Eversleigh wistfully.

"So long as he breathes I do not stir from this room," I said gently but firmly.

She sighed, then inquired—

"Does Doctor Wynter say there is a chance of his recognizing any of us before

—before the end?"

Doctor Wynter, still busy at a table in a corner with his lint and instruments, overheard.

In a whisper he sent his voice across the room to us.

"Just a chance, Mrs. Eversleigh," he said—"and no more."

"What is the time now?" said I. "My watch has stopped."

Mrs. Eversleigh glanced at her own, and then showed it to me.

It was a quarter-past four. It would shortly be daybreak.

"Does the Squire know? Have you told him yet?" I asked, looking up drearily at the old Squire's daughter.

"About Daryl?" she faltered.

"Yes."

She shook her head. Her father was fast asleep, Marion Eversleigh said, and Doctor Wynter was of opinion that it would be unwise to disturb him before his customary waking hour.

He was too old and too infirm to bear the shock without due caution in preparing him for it.

They must be very careful in telling the old man. But Buckle, the valet, knew he was up and dressed.

He would come and apprise Mrs. Eversleigh directly his master awoke.

"It is too strange, it seems impossible," she murmured involuntarily, turning her wistful gaze upon me.

I divined her thoughts as I had read those of Doctor Wynter.

"You mean," I said quietly, with the unnatural calm that is born of an intense sorrow, "that I should be the wife of Daryl Darkwood? Yes, to you, I grant, it must seem strange, impossible."

Marion Eversleigh's pale face flushed. She bent and kissed me.

"Believe me, dear, I do not doubt you," she said, with something like a sob; "but—but at present it—it is all so hard to understand."

"If ever in this world he should speak again," I rejoined, "depend—depend upon it, you will hear the truth from his own lips."

Later on I recollect Mrs. Jessamy's giving utterance to a similar speech. She had crept into the room, bringing a cup of strong black coffee for Doctor Wynter.

He had asked for coffee, preferring it at that hour to anything else.

"I can't take it in yet, ma'am," said the old woman mournfully, "I can't; I wish I could. My head goes round like with trying to understand that you are really our Mr. Daryl's wife."

And I answered the dame forlornly in language similar to that in which I had answered Marion Eversleigh.

"Wait," I said. "I pray—am praying now—that he will soon become conscious. Then he will recognize me—me, his wife; and—and you too will then hear what he says. Wait!"

* * * * * *

When the chill gray light of day struck through the closed window-curtains, Daryl was sleeping, and quiet.

Towards six o'clock his restless moaning began anew; he seemed to breathe with greater difficulty; the deep groans grew longer and more frequent, were more terrible to hear.

I felt certain that he was conscious of intense physical suffering, if of naught else.

I begged and prevailed upon the Hazel surgeon to administer some potent narcotic—something, I besought him, at once harmless yet effectual.

I could not bear to hear Daryl moaning like that. It hurt me cruelly—broke my heart.

The surgeon demurred at first, said the pulse was too weak, was every hour becoming weaker; but ultimately he consented to try something that could do no mischief, even to a man in Daryl's hopeless state.

Mercifully the venture was successful; and Daryl Darkwood, his agony for the time deadened, slept.

I rose noiselessly and moved to the window. I raised the blind gently and looked forth upon the new day.

The rain had ceased; the earth was drenched; the higher wet bare branches of the trees had a reddish chocolate tint upon them.

The watery clouds in trailing fragments were flying diaphanously over the clear and steely sky. The morning, I fancied, would be bright but windy.

The others had left me just for a few minutes, Mrs. Jessamy having come to say that breakfast had been prepared for and was awaiting us in the library.

Marion Eversleigh and the Hazel doctor went together, for indeed they needed something, but I refused to stir from my husband's bedside.

They could send some tea to me there by-and-by; and, if, during their brief absence, I should want help of any kind, I could easily ring for it, the bell-rope was at the bed-head.

And so I was alone in the room with Daryl Darkwood.

Upon a carved oak chest at the foot of the bed lay the clothes which the surgeon had ripped from Daryl's body, since it had been possible to get them off in no other way.

One by one I carried the garments to the light, and one by one I looked at them closely.

They were worn, travel-soiled, undeniably shabby. They might once, it is true, have been spotless, of fashionable make, he had always loved goodly apparel, but, alas, they were shabby enough now!

At a glance I perceived that the boots matched the clothes, every pocket of which was empty—at least, I could find no money in any of them.

Oh, my poor Daryl! My love—my love!

* * * * * *

Not until the morning was well advanced and the cold pale sun was high in the breezy sky, a sun that dried but tardily the bare wet chocolate-tinted tree-tops and the sodden brown leafy paths beneath them, did Daryl utter any word that was in the least intelligible to us.

Even then it was hard to understand him—difficult to catch the drift and the meaning of his muttered rambling talk.

He lay upon his back high amongst the pillows, a ghastly, tortured look on his white face, a bandage hiding the gash upon his dark head; but his eyes were still closed.

He seemed, so far as we could comprehend him, to be living over again some scene or other of devilry at Schloss Rosenberg, in the Saxon Switzerland region, the remote mountain home of that godless foreign friend of his.

Drink and play, wine and women, cards and dice, money won and money lost in disjointed, fragmentary sentences, as we watched and tended him, we caught these muttered words amid the rest.

He cursed his ill-luck—ah, was it not ever so? When money was gone, friends likewise disappeared.

He cursed those false friends, Herr von Rosenberg more than all; but, as his terrific maledictions were uttered partly in German, I believe that no one in the room save myself understood them.

In this wise he spoke of his quitting Germany, his return to London, and of the various hardships, the misery he had endured in the great, cruel, selfish city during the past two months or more.

Over and over again did he curse his ill-luck—not his folly.

Ah, it is ever so with men of Daryl's stamp—even to the last doggedly refusing, as it were, to acknowledge that "conduct is fate"—is so, and so must ever be, in this sorry world below!

"He is speaking of his grandfather," said Marion Eversleigh anxiously. "Listen!"

Yes; he was muttering now that, like the prodigal son, he would return to the old home, to Redknights—not however, prodigal-wise, to confess humbly that he had sinned and had repented, but to own passionately that in exile he had suffered and was wretched, that he wanted to end his miserable banishment.

If it were really a question of forgiveness, then in mercy let him be forgiven and have done with it—forgiven in any manner the old Squire pleased.

Only let him be pardoned! For the present he asked no more!

He fell to wondering how he would be received, should he resolve to go thither—whether the doors of Redknights would be closed against him, and whether the Squire, his wrath unquenched, would sternly refuse to see him.

Perhaps; it was more likely than not.

An idea came to him; he would act upon it.

Once let him gain admittance to his grandfather's presence, let him only come upon the old man suddenly and without warning, and the rest, he believed, would be sufficiently easy—his object, in fact, would be attained.

If this were done, and his grandfather taken unawares, there would then be no time for the old anger, or the smouldering ashes of it, to flare up again into fierce life—no time for the old bitter quarrel to be remembered, gone over once more in all its galling actualities, its shameful details. But this, thought he, would inevitably be the case if he, Daryl Darkwood, were fool enough in any wise to announce his coming, to prepare the Squire beforehand, either by letter or by the mouth of a servant, for his daring reappearance at the home of his boyhood.

No. The Squire and himself, he decided, should come face to face when such a meeting by the old man was undreamed of and least expected.

If he was to win in the bold adventure, this, he told himself, was the only way to do it.

He was ignorant of the pitiable state of senility to which the past few years had reduced the old Squire.

The extreme physical infirmity, the mental havoc of the very old man, were alike unknown to Daryl Darkwood.

So he determined that, like a thief in the night, he would steal into Redknights; and for Daryl to accomplish this would be no extraordinary feat; had he not, as a younger man, done the same thing scores of times before?—and in the morning, when he guessed the coast to be clear, he would seek the Squire, his grandfather, and make the desperate stroke.

It might mean triumph—who could tell? At the worst it could but mean defeat.

The lower windows of the huge old pile he knew well were at night kept heavily barred and shuttered; but there was neither shutter nor bar to the lofty casement of that chamber on the second floor which had once upon a time been his own—his own old favorite room, spacious and comfortable, which overlooked the terrace and the forsaken pleasaunce.

Upward to that window, as he had so often and so fearlessly done in his wild youth, by the aid of the iron trellis and the tough ancient ivy-limbs, would he once more climb—

Here the indistinct rambling talk broke off; and, moaning, he moved his head restlessly from side to side upon the pillows.

All at once he cried out, weak as he was, it was almost a shout—

"Why is she, Flower, at Redknights? In Heaven's name how did she get here? I saw her, my wife! She was in my room, my old room, I tell you! Flower, it was you, dear, was it not? Flower!"

Marion Eversleigh stepped backward a few paces, her hands pressed over her heart.

"What is that he says?" she gasped, her wan face taking an ashy hue.

I went hurriedly to her side.

"He cannot know," I somehow at the moment deemed it wiser to tell her, frightened to see her look so startled and so ill; "his mind is clouded, wandering. Perhaps, I fancy he is thinking of his little cousin, dear, I mean the little daughter that you lost years ago."

She was leaning heavily for support against the tall oak wardrobe.

I put my arm round her; but she was rallying, for a faint pink color was creeping into her cheeks.

"That cannot be," she said, in a distinct whisper, "for he never in his life saw her, that little cousin, my own darling child, never, that I can remember."

She put both her hands to her forehead and bowed her head in them.

"My little Flower was so young, such a baby," she said; "and it all happened before he came to Redknights. He was in India at the time, or on the homeward voyage, and therefore it is impossible that he should recollect her as——"

Even while she spoke, Doctor Wynter quitted the bedside and joined us.

"The Squire has not yet been told, I believe?" he said.

Marion Eversleigh looked up piteously into the surgeon's smooth and kindly face.

"Oh, Doctor Wynter," said she to this old friend of the family, "I feel that I cannot tell him! He is so weak, so altogether poorly and feeble this morning, I tremble for the result of the shock. Twice already have I been to him, and twice has my courage failed me."

"Is he out of his dressing-room?"

"By now, yes."

"Well, by rights, any way, he should be told at once," said Doctor Wynter, in a low firm tone. "There is no time to lose," he added, with meaning.

Mrs. Eversleigh locked her hands helplessly and shivered.

"Would you like me to break it to his grandfather?" said the Doctor considerately. "Perhaps it would be best."

"Oh, if you would!"

"Very well; I will manage it as expeditiously as I can, you may be sure," the Doctor answered. "I will go immediately, and shall try to persuade the Squire to return hither with me."

"Thank you!" Marion Eversleigh said gratefully.

And Doctor Wynter forthwith left the room, beckoning to Mrs. Jessamy to accompany him on his errand.

"Flower—Flower!" called Daryl's voice.

In an instant I was kneeling by his pillows, my arm placed well beneath them, in that way raising his face nearer to mine.

"Daryl, I am here. Do you know me?" I said gently.

Languidly he turned his dark eyes towards me—eyes from which the brilliant red-brown light was fading out, leaving them dim and unutterably sad. For some seconds, with a wondering mournful gaze, he stared into my face that was so near to his own—though as a rule nothing seems miraculous to a dying man.

Within the shadow of the lone and sombre valley, adown which, sooner or later, whether we will or no, we all of us must go to meet the grim friend who awaits us at the bottom of the hill, nothing seems unnatural or unreal to the senses that with every faltering step along the darkening slope are surely and swiftly passing away from us.

All is so gloomy, so mysterious, in the unknown Silent Land which lies beyond the valley that we forget to wonder over, to trouble ourselves about the riddles and the mysteries of earth which we are leaving behind us forever and ever. O cold and silent Death, chilly as is your greeting smile, wintry as is your close embrace, you are after all a warm and loving friend!

"Daryl, do you know me?" I asked again, very softly and tenderly, perceiving that he did not or could not speak. "I am Flower, your own wife; and I am here with you, Daryl, at Redknights."

"At Redknights?" he echoed faintly, with partly-closed eyes. "Am I then at Redknights—and you too, Flower—really back in the old place at last?"

"Yes, Daryl, really back in the old home."

"Ah, I remember!" he groaned. "Have I not been a brute, a bad husband to you, Periwinkle?" he murmured unexpectedly. "If so, try to forget—to forgive——"

"No, no, there is naught to forgive. Do not, dear love, think of that now! Daryl, you remember your aunt Marion?"

"Aunt Marion? Oh, yes, poor aunt Marion!" he said dreamily. "Where is she then, Flower?"

"She is here——"

I stopped; for Marion Eversleigh was kneeling by my side, with quivering touch was clinging to my arm as she knelt.

"Why does he call you 'Flower'?" said she, in agonized accents. "Why is it? I must know!"

The uncontrollable trembling which had seized her frail frame seemed just then to pass magnetically from her body into mine.

"Because," I managed to answer, as quietly and as soothingly as I could, "because it is the truth. 'Flower' is my name, my real name."

Her nervous hold on me loosened. As if in prayer, she bent low her head to the bedside, and broke into a fit of smothered weeping.

"Kind Heaven," I heard her sob, "what, oh, what can be the meaning of it all?"

Daryl was moaning feebly, and saying with difficult breath that it had grown cold, very cold.

"Flower, put your arms round me, warm me thus," came his faint entreaty.

I sprang to my feet and got him champagne, a modicum of which, at frequent intervals, he had been taking during the past hour or so.

It was better for him than brandy, the Doctor said. And then I raised his head to my bosom and softly kissed his cold damp forehead.

"Ah," he muttered, though I could barely hear him, "I am glad that we are once more together, Flower, you and I!"

"Are you, Daryl? So am I, dear, in this hour very thankful and glad!"

The door opened. Clad in his Oriental dressing-gown of many colors, carefully led by his old friend Doctor Wynter, and followed closely by Buckle and Mrs. Jessamy, lest his tottering limbs should fail him and he should suddenly collapse in their midst, entered the Squire, crying as he came like a child, babbling like a child, his scanty white hair just peeping from beneath his skull-cap—truly a pathetic sight.

As Doctor Wynter by patient degrees brought the old man forward to the bedside, another servant appeared in the doorway and spoke in a somewhat excited undertone to Buckle and to Mrs. Jessamy.

Both the housekeeper and the valet brightened, I noticed; neither of them appeared to be astonished, and all three of them hastened away together.

"Daryl dear, my husband, do you hear me?"

I spoke near to his ear; for it was impossible not to mark that he was sinking, rapidly sinking: he and Death, in the darkening valley, would soon be clasping hands.

"Your grandfather, the Squire, has come. He is here. See, he is speaking to you. Can you hear him, Daryl?"

He heard; he tried to raise himself, but could not.

Doctor Wynter and I between us lifted him higher upon the large soft pillows.

"Grandfa—grandfat—er—forgive—forgive——"

We had placed the old man in an arm-chair at the bed-head.

There, crushed and dazed by a great grief, the real nature of which his enfeebled intellect could but dimly comprehend, he sat obediently, fondling and crying very childishly over one of Daryl's hands.

But Daryl Darkwood's fingers were utterly nerveless, powerless now to respond to the weak pressure of those skinny palsied ones that were wandering so pathetically over and clinging to his. He could gasp out only:

"Grandfather—forgive!"

"They tell me—the fools!" wept the old man incoherently, drying his tears with the skirt of his gaudy dressing-gown—"that you have come back to Redknights to—to die, Daryl lad. Say it is not true, my boy—say it is not true! You might have come back to your grandfather before, Daryl—why didn't you?—for the years gone by without you have seemed very long to us, my lad—you might have come back before. I'm got such an old, old man—I've wanted you in many ways—wanted you badly sometimes. Do not die, Daryl; but, now that you have returned, stay a little while with your poor old grandfather—he will not trouble you long. And there's money for you in plenty, if you want it—in plenty. Marion doesn't want it—she has enough of her own. Take a blank cheque, Daryl lad, and fill it in as you please—four figures if you like—I won't grumble—no, no; and by-gones shall be by-gones, you know; we'll never speak of 'em, and—and we'll make a fresh start, Daryl—we'll begin all over again."

"Daryl," I said, with my lips put again to his ear—"you hear? The Squire, your grandfather—our grandfather, dear—means to be kind. He is hard no longer. He forgives."

The tortured look was nearly gone from the face of my husband; an expression of greater content and calm had lately stolen over and had remained upon his features.

"And you, Periwinkle?" he breathed.

"Hush, my poor darling!"

And in token of my forgiveness, if there was aught to forgive, I laid my face upon his.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AGE AND EMPLOYMENT.—It is to be regretted that so wide a difference exists between the employments of early years and those of manhood and womanhood. That fifteen or twenty years of life should be spent in learning without doing, and the rest of it in doing without learning, cannot be a wise arrangement. The break is too sudden. The youth, on leaving school or college, is at once plunged into a new world requiring qualities and abilities that have never hitherto been called forth; and he finds it hard, if not impossible, to make his mental possessions available for practical use. If young people were accustomed to do more, and older ones to learn more, life would be happier and more successful. In fact, these two should never be separated, but act and react with each other all through life.

AN exchange tells of a girl who is too poor to own more than one chair, so that when her lover comes he has to bring a chair with him. This item must come from some other planet. It doesn't smack of human nature.

MY FRIENDS.

BY RITA.

I walk by day amid the bustling crowd,
Seeing, as seeing not, the gay vain show;
Hearing the Babel-babble, shrill and loud;
Not blind nor deaf, my lonely way I go.
Yet, in the noisy rushing throng I seem
As one who hears and sees in restless dream.

But in the dusky solitude, somewhile,
What goodly company of friends I meet!
Who look on me with pitying kindly smile,
And speak in tender whispers, hushed and sweet.
The empty day-dream o'er, its phantoms fled,
I wake, and walk among my living dead.

And some are old, yet full of youthful grace;
And some are young, yet sweetly grave withal.
I know each form, each gladsome peaceful face;
Each is a friend, and cometh at my call.
Ah, living loving friends, ye may not stay:
The day returns, the dreamy dreary day!

From The Grave.

BY G. W. HOLMES.

CHAPTER I.

"WAITING for Lady Welwourne, of course?" whispered Captain Dawson to Mrs. Holland Horsley, as he saw her eyes wander from the clock to her husband's face with an expression of ill-disguised impatience. "She is later than ever this year," he went on, "I hear it on all sides. Why don't all you ladies strike and give up asking her? You are plucky enough to set the example, Mrs. Horsley. Come, don't let us wait any longer; show me my partner, and tell Mr. Horsley to lead off with someone else!"

The hostess laughed; the notion had restored her good humor.

"Indeed I should like to if I dared!" she answered in a low tone. "But that reminds me——" she laid her hand on his arm. "Do you see the girl in white over there on the sofa, talking to Mrs. Sargent? She is your partner, and for her sake, she is staying with me, I must be particularly civil to her ladyship to-night. I've made up my mind she shall ask Carrie to sing at her fete next month."

Captain Dawson stroked his long auburn moustache with a mystified air, and directed his eyeglass towards the sofa, where it rested for a few moments on a young girl dressed somewhat old-fashionedly in a stiff, large-patterned brocade.

She had been looking at Mrs. Horsley, but catching Captain Dawson's eye she turned and began to talk with animation to her companion.

"I wonder why she wears her mother's old wedding-gown?" he asked with gravity befitting the subject. "It's not becoming: you must give her a hint, Mrs. Horsley. Who is she?"

"Carrie Marjoribanks, I'll introduce you in a minute," the hostess replied, breaking off abruptly to hurry to the door, where an unusual stir among the guests announced the arrival of the Magnate of the neighborhood.

Lady Welwourne, an elderly belle, portly, sparkling with diamonds, a knot of crimson feathers nodding above her abundant, dyed black hair, was protesting to Mr. Horsley that she had waited fully an hour for her carriage, although she had particularly desired that it should be at the door punctually at seven o'clock.

"It's Welwourne's fault, of course, my dear Emily," she said, wheeling round to press Mr. Horsley's hand, while her fine black eyes roved round the room taking stock, so to speak, of the assembled company. "I know the stoopid fellar drinks like a fish; but there, Welwourne's as obstinate as a pig! Ah, Dawson! How d'ye do? Come down to Harelands for a few days, eh? Must stay for my birthday-fete next fortnight. Hope the weather—— Yes, my dear, of course, delighted!" and she clutched Mr. Horsley's arm, and swept away.

Four other couples followed her as quickly as they could.

They all passed Captain Dawson talking cheerfully together as they went, for either Lady Welwourne's entrance, or the announcement of dinner immediately afterwards, had awakened the smiles and unloosed the tongues of the dullest in the room.

Captain Dawson obeyed a signal from Mrs. Horsley's eye, and followed her to the sofa where Miss Marjoribanks sat waiting for him.

The hostess found time to whisper on the way:

"Fluffie Marjoribanks's daughter, I'll tell you all about her by-and-by. You may flirt as much as you like—quite able to take care of herself!"

"May I have the pleasure?" said Captain Dawson, languidly offering the young girl his arm, and leading her slowly from the room.

"You may," she returned, gravely lifting her large, clear-gray eyes to his white face.

This, then, was Captain Dawson—tall, thin, young-looking for his age, very handsome, exactly what she had expected him to be, thought Carrie Marjoribanks.

In that quick look which she took at him when they first sat down to dinner, she told herself that she could read his whole history in his face, a history which all his friends knew by heart, but of which Carrie had a copy that contained some notes of a more private character.

She had listened that morning to Mrs. Holland Horsley's repetition of the well-known history, but she had not thought fit to add anything new to it.

Captain Dawson had fortunately come down to the neighborhood a little earlier than usual, and he would be one of the party that evening, Mrs. Holland Horsley had said in opening the biography, he was a most agreeable man, and a great favorite everywhere, and he should take Carrie in to dinner.

She further added that Captain Dawson had last year come into his mother's large fortune together with her beautiful property, Harelands, whose woods could be seen from the drawing-room windows; that he was entirely free from tiresome relatives, and that it was the wish of the neighborhood to see him married to a "nice girl."

His mother, indeed, had died, everyone knew, worn out with her efforts to find him a suitable match, and her discontent had found vent in the dying prophecy that her son would never marry.

But Mrs. Holland Horsley, to whom she had confided her fears, held old-fashioned prejudices on the subject of mothers-in-law, and thought differently, although of course she had not contradicted the old lady.

In her opinion, "Captain Jackdaw," as his intimate friends called him, was too fond of ladies' society to escape meeting his fate ere long, and as for his "little harmless flirtations"—a man who could not make himself agreeable to a pretty girl when he met one was not worth having.

He had been such a good son that he must make a good husband, for he had always given way to his mother's wishes, even to selling out of the army five years before, because a doctor had told her that his heart was weak, and that he must avoid great exertion and excitement.

The sum of all this was that she commended Captain Dawson to Carrie's especial attention, so that Carrie had been naturally provoked that the introduction had been delayed till just before dinner.

"Is this your first visit to Harewood?" asked Captain Dawson after a short silence, during which he had submitted his perfect profile to Carrie's gaze with the steadiness of a photograph.

"Yes, and I am delighted with this country! I wish I could make a dozen sketches every walk I take! Do you sketch?" asked Carrie.

Captain Dawson, who was examining a piece of rare lace which Carrie had twisted in her hair, replied that he could "only do a little in that line; his talents lay in a different direction; and, in fact, to tell truth, a picture-gallery bored him."

"What are your particular talents?" asked Carrie gravely. "Are they useful, or ornamental? Do they profit you, or others?"

It was gravely said, and yet Captain Dawson was conscious of mockery in the clear, even tones. He paused a moment before replying.

"One of my talents," he began slowly, "will stand me in good stead just now. I have a curious knack for reading character at first sight, and it cautions me to take care now, for I am talking to a serious young lady."

He looked bravely into Carrie's eyes as he spoke, and found them as inscrutable as her manner.

But she was very pretty, certainly; and if she was going to prove an enigma, he would only have to thank Mrs. Holland Horsley for providing him with a fresh sensation; a country dinner-party that was not wearisome.

"Does your experience teach you that serious girls are rare nowadays?" Carrie continued in her searching voice.

"No, it does not indeed!" he answered laughing; "they are far too serious. Miss Marjoribanks, I know a lot about ladies, and I will tell you my conclusion of the whole matter: a woman should be pretty and witty. I, for one, require nothing more of her."

His soft brown eyes seemed to tell Carrie that he found her both.

"You seem to agree with the irreverent Scotchman who says that "Woman's chief end is to glorify Man, and to enjoy herself for ever," said Carrie, blushing a little under his implied admiration; "but what is to become of the unattractive ones, the serious ones, the independent ones? Are they all to be condemned to your displeasure? I, for one, admire independent women."

"No woman need be independent unless she is so disagreeable that no one will ——"

"Stop! You mustn't be hard on independent women," cried Carrie; "because I am one," she added softly. "I have been both serious and independent for two years, and——"

"You don't like it—give it up," exclaimed Captain Dawson.

He burst forth into an eloquent tirade upon the charms and virtues of dependent womanhood, to which Carrie listened with a smile half amused, half scornful.

"I see you hold the old-fashioned views," she said when he at length stopped. "But to my mind the matter is quite simple. Independence and dependence are merely matters of pounds, shillings and pence. A woman is happily dependent if she has parents who can support her, or if she makes a good marriage, very happy circumstances, both of these, I quite allow. But, having the power of neither, I am making myself happily independent by earning my own living—happily independent, you understand."

Captain Dawson was completely taken aback, not to say startled, by this announcement, made as it was with a show of proud defiance that was not without traces of bitterness.

His interest, his pity, were aroused, and a hundred questions were rising to his lips, when a sudden light broke upon him, causing the faint recollections, which her name had first awakened, to take shape in well-remembered facts, and explaining Mrs. Horsley's words to him before dinner.

"Fluffie" Marjoribanks, this young girl's father, had ruined himself and his family by unlucky speculations two or three years ago, so that but for his wife's small portion, which was securely tied up, he must have disappeared entirely from society.

As it was, he was living "somewhere in London," and Captain Dawson remembered that he had heard something about an eldest daughter, who, when the ruin came, had been the only one capable of setting to work to provide for herself. She had become a professional singer.

She had neither the appearance nor the manners of a professional young lady, thought Captain Dawson, looking at Carrie with fresh interest, now that this sad, although very common story had become clear to him.

She was not meant for this; her face and figure seemed, indeed, to have been expressly intended for the sweet framing of private life.

He remembered just such a picture in the hall at Harelands; a girl with close plaits of straw-colored hair, and a round mischievous face, the nose rather large, and the little mouth curving into a winsome smile: while as though to complete the resemblance, the full, slender figure was tightly fitted by just such a large-patterned brocade as Carrie wore.

Was Carrie what is known as a 'modern young lady?' Captain Dawson had great faith in his own judgment, and he thought not.

After rather a long pause he said quite slowly:

"Let us be serious then, Miss Marjoribanks, for once. It will do me good. You shall tell me all about yourself, and I will do the same!"

"What fun," cried Carrie. "But are we to speak Gospel truth, or——" she broke off abruptly, and again her eyes took the inscrutable look which Captain Dawson had noticed before.

"Gospel truth? Most certainly," he said solemnly. "You must begin with your godfathers and godmothers, and then follow with your age. But no! I can guess that."

He took the menu from its little china stand, and traced with a fork on the back of it: "19-22."

"Yours would be more difficult to guess," Carrie murmured shyly. "Yes, I am twenty-two," she went on rather sadly; "the age when all right-minded young women give up their individuality, and settle down to matrimony and monotony. When I lived in the world I always intended to marry at twenty-two. But——"

There were symptoms of increasing astonishment in her companion's face, and Carrie paused to look at him.

"Am I allowed to ask any question I like?" he asked, a little eagerly.

And then without waiting for her answer:

"Are you engaged?"

"No," said Carrie; "are you?"

He had winced at her reference to his age, but this question of hers had not affected him as Carrie had expected.

He returned "No," without changing color; indeed his eyes sought hers with something like a smile.

She looked away timidly, and blushed vividly again.

"But of course you have entirely given up the idea of matrimony, monotony and the Ideal Age since you left the world," said Captain Dawson presently; "you find your independent life so much more attractive."

"If you are going to be sarcastic——" began Carrie, perfectly aware that this accusation is always received as a compliment. "But no, I am to speak Gospel truth, and I will not flinch. I still believe in the Ideal Age!"

The soft brown eyes expressed approval, and Captain Dawson whispered, that he was only astonished that she should put off the "Ideal Age" for so long time."

"Prepare for another astonishment," cried Carrie.

Then dramatically, and with uplifted eyes he said:

"What a confession lies before me. But truth must prevail. I, who had carried flirtation from an art to a science, and beyond science to the higher fields of genius and inspiration—I, who knew Eligibles and Impossibles at a glance—I, who had detected a Curate travelling abroad—I, whose advice was sought, and who still receive the confidences of hundreds of damsels——" she stopped, and her tones sank low and hollow: "I, Captain Dawson, have never had a proposal of marriage in my life."

He did not believe it; it was because she did not choose to have them; she had been cruel; the 'Eligibles' had been slaughtered by hundreds.

"Who are 'Eligibles?'" interrupted Carrie.

She was thinking:

("They were afraid of poor papa;" but of course this could not be said to Captain Dawson). "No, they have faded into the dim distance for ever; and all because of my adherence to my principles, and my devotion to the Ideal Age! My chances are over; I shall die an old maid. Oh, you are not going to refuse 'Maddeloines,' are you?" she whispered, catching a look of contempt on the servant's face behind Captain Dawson's chair. "A friend of mine says, 'You must either gobble or gobble at a dinner-party,'" she went on, as he awoke just in time to the danger; "and he adds that he prefers the gobbling. But then he is a gourmet, whereas you have refused three sweets in succession."

"Gourmets are punished sometimes, though," said Captain Dawson laughing. "You remind me of a Scotch friend of mine, who was—to say the least of it, a great gourmet. Unfortunately, however, he was very poor, and had a constant thorn in the flesh in the shape of a very bad cook. Knowing this, when I sent him some game one day, I took the precaution of having it properly cooked first. Cold grouse is a very good dish, you know, I daresay, Miss Marjoribanks. But, unluckily for my poor friend, his wife had not remembered to impress this upon the cook, and when dinner was served, picture his despair when up came the grouse — partially warmed through. I dropped in during the evening and was told the story by his weeping wife. He was in the kitchen 'talking to the cook,' she said."

The conversation after this drifted round again to Carrie's affairs, and before dinner was over Captain Dawson knew all about them.

She told him that her mornings were spent in giving singing lessons, and her afternoons or evenings in singing at parties or concerts.

He felt some twinges of conscience when she said that her spare time was devoted to dressmaking.

The ladies now rose to leave the room, and he stood watching the 'old wedding-gown of her mother' follow the matrons' long trains, last of all in the procession, and the smile upon his face was more sad than gay.

He laughed an assent to Mrs. Holland Horsley's parting whisper an hour or two later, but he knew that he had spoken only half the truth.

He had never enjoyed a dinner-party more; but he had not been flirting with Carrie Marjoribanks.

As for Carrie, she had enjoyed herself immensely, and, what was more important, Lady Welwourne had taken a great fancy to her.

Captain Dawson's eyeglass searched the drawing-room some time in vain for her when the gentlemen rejoined the ladies, and at last it pointed out Carrie's sitting on a sofa hand-in-hand with the affectionate Magnate and nearly extinguished by her crimson satin skirts, while such gracious words as:

"Lodge, birthday-fete; want to hear you sing," were loudly whispered in her ear.

Even Mrs. Pelwyn, a widow whose exceptional connections and admirable portion placed her only below Lady Welwourne in command of the county, while her audacious curiosity and marvellous memory gave her perpetual triumphs over the Magnate who had not been born to greatness—even Mrs. Pelwyn was heard to ask Captain Dawson "Who that gell was that Welwourne was makin' such a fuss over?"

Carrie's name, it was further observed, set free a perfect torrent of aristocratic reminiscences, in which Mrs. Pelwyn did her best to drown both Captain Dawson and the singing which now began in the inner drawing-room.

But she soon found that no one was listening to her, and that the company were leaving their chairs en masse, to go and enjoy music which was unusually welcome in a society where "no young lady had ever been known to start a voice," as Captain Dawson said.

He did not understand one word of Carrie's German songs, but he felt all the passion and the melancholy of her voice and of her face while she sang, and he leaned over the end of the grand piano, watching her reflection in the great mirror which ran from ceiling to floor on that side of the room.

Excited and stimulated by her talk at the dinner-table, and longing to please Lady Welwourne, Carrie had never acquitted herself better.

She sang song after song — German, French, and Scotch, till her listeners' admiration rose to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

They crowded round the piano to wish her "good-bye, and au revoir before long," and Lady Welwourne pressed a hearty kiss on her cheek.

Mrs. Holland Horsley, unable to resist the desire to hear what was being said about Carrie, followed the Magnate into the hall, where Mr. Horsley stood ready to give her his arm to her carriage.

"Very pooty—very pooty—must come to the Lodge—sing at my birthday-fete," came in disjointed syllables, as Lady Welwourne cautiously felt her way down the steps. "Yes, all right, Turner. Why, bother the man. He's forgotten rug—shawl—everything! Thinks it's summer weather perhaps!"

Then as Mrs. Horsley ran down the steps to her aid:

"Oh, thanks so much, dear Emily—send it back to-morrow—enjoyed the music so much. . . . . Yes, 'onie, Turner, and drat you!" she added under her breath, overcome with anger and fatigue.

* * * * * *

It seemed as though every clock in the house must be striking one, thought Carrie, as she sat up in a chair by her bedroom window, wakeful and restless.

It had been simply impossible to fall asleep.

Snatches of her own songs, chasing each

other through her brain, were pursued by snatches of her own and the other guests' conversation:—Schumann, Wekerlin, Captain Dawson and Lady Welwourne—all entangled in an Inferno-like confusion.

And then came Mrs. Holland Horsley's good-night and parting speech.

It was followed by a page from that secret biography which had fallen into Carrie's hands.

She looked across the strip of moonlight on the lawn below her window, and away miles beyond to the bank of trees bounding the clear night sky, and she sighed once—twice.

She was forgetting the triumphs of the evening—Lady Welwourne's invitation, Captain Dawson's evident admiration—in useless regrets and wishes:

"Why do girls always insist on confiding in me?" And, "I can't help wishing that he was not so nice!"

CHAPTER II.

THE neighborhood had made up its mind on a subject of great local interest within a week of Mrs. Holland Horsley's dinner-party.

Carrie had been invited to spend the intervening fortnight before Lady Welwourne's fete at other houses besides Harewood.

She remained, however, with Mrs. Horsley, and it was the fact of these two ladies having driven over to a tete-a-tete luncheon with Captain Dawson (who it was known had taken them all over the house), that had brought certain indefinite speculations to a really reasonable conclusion.

The indefinite speculations had reference to Mrs. Pelwyn's report, that whenever she happened to be looking out of a passage-window in her house which commanded the turning to Harewood, she was sure to see a well-known gray horse of Captain Dawson's either appearing on it, or vanishing out of sight.

Once she had called out good-morning to him, and waved her white hand. But no notice had been taken of her friendly salute.

Mrs. Pelwyn's defective eyesight might have suggested to her hearers the possibility of a mistake, had they not already become thoroughly attached to the general theory; so that no one was astonished that Miss Marjoribanks was invariably given to Captain Dawson when they met at a series of small dinner-parties, into which, as Mr. Horsley said, "the neighborhood seemed to have burst suddenly, without warning."

But he was seized with unquenchable laughter when even Mrs. Pelwyn fell a victim to the epidemic of hospitality, and he did not take the trouble to inquire who had been there when his wife and Carrie and a sheaf of songs returned from the widow's select "At Home."

It was not, however, everyone was agreed; a more conspicuous proof of his devotion for Captain Dawson to linger for an hour and a half over Mrs. Pelwyn's two-shilling Darjeeling and stale 'sponge fingers,' than for him to remain for so many weeks together at Harelands.

And Mrs. Pelwyn could have told anyone for a fact, that she knew he had put off his yearly visit to Devonshire first for a month and then for an indefinite period.

A change was remarked in his appearance.

He looked younger and handsomer than ever; and, rain or fine, Lady Welwourne need not have feared that any one of her guests would be found waiting at the coming birthday fete, where matters were expected to come to a climax.

The day was brilliantly fine, and Lady Welwourne, in a fantastic shepherdess costume, stood welcoming her thanks as they poured out their congratulations on her birthday, and on the perfect weather.

Mrs. Pelwyn, who arrived early, took up a strong post of observation behind her, and no invitation to look on at a splendid set of tennis, to make up a six at croquet, or even to visit the tea-room, could induce her to budge.

A Volunteer band and a quartet of singers—of whom Carrie was the leader—supplied the music of the afternoon; everyone was occupied and amused.

The lawns were gay with summer dresses flitting about at the various games; squires and clergymen walked ceaselessly up and down, happy and argumentative; each arbor held its silent couple; and a choice circle of matrons lined the refreshment-tent, exchanging family news, deploring the continued rise in bonnets, and imparting to each other in whispers not meant for waiters' ears curious information connected with their children, their servants, and their diseases.

Mrs. Pelwyn's place was there, but she still stuck bravely to her post, although her face was beaded with heat, and her chair, which in an unguarded moment she had left, had been seized and removed to the garden by a malicious servant.

But at last Captain Dawson came! He was driving a fiery little chestnut in a high dog-cart with great red wheels—a new carriage, mused Mrs. Pelwyn—and he looked unusually smart and handsome in a white waistcoat and tall hat—now again, thought Mrs. Pelwyn.

She knew whom his eyes were seeking while he lingered a moment to talk to Lady Welwourne, and it was only when a graceful figure in a white dress came up and joined them, that Mrs. Pelwyn turned her steps towards the refreshment-tent.

Looking round as she entered it, she was rewarded by a glimpse of two figures—Captain Dawson and Carrie—quickly disappearing in a shrubbery that led to the stables.

She was to pronounce judgment on his new turn-out, Captain Dawson was saying; "he had got it on purpose to cut out Mrs. Horsley's mail-phaeton," which Carrie was so fond of driving: the new chestnut was spirited but gentle, and she need not be surprised at his coming to the Lodge any morning to fetch her for a drive.

"Mind you come soon then; I'm only going to be here till next Friday, and I should like it above all things!" said Carrie, radiant and blushing.

He looked with a half-amused pleasure at her beaming face.

"What is it makes you so intensely happy to-day, I should like to know?" he asked, drawing a little nearer to her side, as they now walked slowly through the deserted shrubbery.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Wrong Letter.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"WHAT'S up, Frank? Not ill, eh?"

The question was asked in the smoking-room of a West-end club, and, truth to tell, there seemed ample ground for the anxious query.

It was a good three-quarters of an hour since the page had brought in a letter for Frank Harcan; before that he had been, as was his wont, the life and soul of the congenial circle gathered in that most cosy retreat; a trifle gayer, if anything, than usual, men fancied.

He had taken the letter eagerly, and under some pretext sauntered off to a side table to read it.

He had perused and perused it—they could see that by the turning of the paper—but for the last half hour he had sat still, his head resting on one hand, while the other held the letter in front of him.

At last a man named Wilders, his most intimate friend there, determined to see if "there was nothing wrong."

The face turned up to his certainly was pale, but the answer was cheery enough, save for a look in the eyes, and a sort of strained inflection of the voice, which rather belied its purport.

"Ill? Not a bit of it. Been having forty winks, I believe. You fellows are corrupting my morals. I'll be off, I think."

And in a few minutes, with a genial, careless "Good-night," Harcan left the smoking-room and the club.

The bereaved circle looked solemnly at each other, and with one accord ordered some more seltzer.

"A duel!" quoth one, sententiously.

"A lawyer!" opined another.

"A book-maker!" hazarded a third.

"A woman, by Jove!" decided a fourth, and in solemn approval of the dictum, deep libations were thoughtfully quaffed.

Wilders sat silent. He had caught a glimpse of the fatal letter, and feared that the last speaker was right.

If that letter was the cause of Harcan's being upset, as the coterie termed it, the last speaker was right, for beyond all question that letter had been written by a woman.

We are of course behind the scenes, nous autres, and know not only the writer, but why it was that it wrought the effect it did on the recipient.

Frank Harcan and Maude Butler had been the very best of friends for ages—that is to say, ever since a certain early garden party at Culewick last summer.

It was then discovered that Maude's half brother had been at Braxenose with Frank—that young gentleman, by the way, had the very vaguest recollection of dear Tom, and prudently confined himself to generalities in the reminiscences he poured forth—and that was of course sufficient reason for Frank to become a regular and recognized attendant on pretty Miss Butler for the rest of the season.

After that, by one of those coincidences that would be remarkable were they not so wonderfully frequent, the two found themselves included in a "shooting party" gathered in one of the most delightful houses in the west of England, from which, as a matter of fact, Frank had not many days returned.

The Butlers had left a week earlier; but on the night before their departure, there had been a certain interview in a fragrant conservatory, where a blossom had been plucked by dainty fingers, toyed with, and thrown aside with affected carelessness, only to be ostentatiously picked up and impressively idolized and cherished.

Obviously an explanation was imminent: but, alas! "to them enter," as the stage directions have it, "other revellers."

But Frank was prepared to swear that there was a world of meaning in the Parthian glance Maude shot at him as she retired on the arm of some new claimant, and that the winsome face looked sweeter and the blue eyes more lustrous and tender than ever before.

The next day the fates remained propitious, and despite the most masterly manœuvring on Harcan's part, ably seconded on Maude's, the moment of parting came and found that "explanation" still ungiven.

And so Frank wrote—a genuine, manly letter—telling the girl of his deep, true love, and asking for hers in return.

It was her answer which he had received in the club, and which, arrived at his own chambers, he sat gazing at careless of dead fire and bitter cold.

In sad sooth it was a letter which few men would care to receive from any woman, least of all from one on whom all of earthly good, of love, and happy days, nay, of worthful life itself, depended, or seemed to depend. It ran as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, and scarcely know whether to be amused or offended at it. You must be aware I have never given you the slight ground for addressing me in the way you have, and if we are to remain friendly acquaintances you will never presume to do so again. I cannot imagine that you are in earnest in what you say of your own feelings; but if you are, I am truly sorry to have, however unknowingly, been the cause.

Yours truly,

"MAUDE BUTLER."

The early, chill morning hours were passing space before Frank roused himself from his melancholy reverie.

When he did, he seemed to have aged years.

There was no doubt about it; for weal or woe he had given his heart to brown-haired, blue-eyed Maude; and, with a man of his nature, that "whole heart" is no mere mode of speech.

As it was, it had turned out to be for woe, and, like many others before him, he must needs make the best of it.

Once a broken sigh escaped him, that sort of heartless, hopeless sigh which is so sad to hear.

"Oh, Maude, Maude; this from you!—and I felt so sure, so happy."

Then, with the sort of shake one gives oneself to brace up failing energies, he turned away, and began, listlessly enough, to pack his traveling bag and portmanteau.

"Weak thing to do, I suppose, to cut and run; but stay in England, I can't."

Even in bachelor chambers there are a good many household gods to be disposed of when one contemplates a possibly lengthy sojourn in far countries, and, by the time all was finished, another day—a wretched, miserable day, poor Frank thought; though, as January days go, it was fairly fine—had well begun.

He would just have time to dress, eat some breakfast (if he could), and then it would not be too early to go to see his lawyer, for even Cupids vanquished need the wherewithal to flee.

He got back about twelve—just an hour before his train started.

Perhaps Wilders, to whom he had written, telling him of his movements, might look in; more likely, though, that he would beat the station.

A horribly tedious hour that; but at last it were out, and he might start.

There was one little ceremony to be performed first—the very last thing before he left the house.

The cab was ready at the door when Frank nerved himself to the sacrifice—trivial, almost laughable to read of, but terribly real to him.

He had to burn that crushed, faded flower, gathered in that conservatory scene we know of.

It had been a pretty piece of romance, he thought, grimly, as he looked at it. Well, he had been an idiot, and I'm afraid, had the words been said aloud, the voice would have been somewhat tremulous and husky, judging from the working one could see of the drawn lips.

The blossom, too, is being held strangely near those sad lips—nay, touched them, I will avouch.

What then? Was it not good-bye for ever to all that flower had meant for him?

"Frank! Mr. Harcan! I'm—you've—Oh, please!—it was the wrong letter!"

And there, in the doorway, stood Maude, flushing and pale by turns, with the love-light gleaming through tears in her sweet eyes, and the soft voice trembling with maiden shame and love and sorrow.

And in the background, discreetly staring at an inquisitive cat, stood Wilders, trying hard to look as though he were making a perfectly ordinary and unimportant morning call.

There is really no need to say much more.

It seems that Maude had received another offer from a man who had occasionally pestered her with attentions, and of whose character, though somehow he was tolerated in society, as such men are, the less said the better.

It was his answer that had well-nigh expatriated poor Frank; "thank goodness"—as Maude remarked with a blush—"he didn't get yours."

It seems, too, that Wilders was just coming out of the club with Frank's note in his hand when Maude, reprehensibly forgetting all about the proprieties, and thinking only, blameworthy young woman that she was, that she loved Frank Harcan, and had probably made him utterly miserable, drove up.

Wilders always had a inclination for theatrical coups, and resolved instantly to effect one. And with the happiest success!

A GOOD CRYPTOGRAPH.—A good cipher for ordinary use consists in writing the letters one under the other in, say, six columns, the number of columns being pre-arranged, and then forming the message out of the letters taken horizontally. For example, Smith wishes to communicate secretly with Jones, and uses this system, having beforehand settled that the width of the horizontal line shall be five letters. Smith receives the following: Cig mtoo hpam ntop ei irt. He puts the first five letters in a row—c t g m i, underneath he writes the next five, o o h p a, underneath these he writes the next, and so on until they are exhausted. He then reads the columns down and ascertains that his friend's message is, "Come to-night; important."

Scientific and Useful.

PARAFFINE.—Paraffine is used for a great variety of purposes, and very largely in the manufacture of chewing gum. It is an ingredient in caramels and other confections. It is made of the tar deposit left after kerosene has been extracted from the crude petroleum.

COMPRESSED WOOD.—The compression of beech, cornel, persimmon and other woods, is attracting attention in England. The grain is made very close, and the wood thus compressed is used for making shuttles, cogs, etc., and it is thought it may become available instead of box-wood for engraving blocks.

SUPPORTED BY FREEZING.—Cold-air machinery has been successfully used in the construction of a tunnel at Stockholm, by freezing the gravel before the excavation and keeping it in that condition until the lining was in position. By this means several large buildings have been undermined.

SHEARING MACHINE.—A new machine for shearing sheep is made of brass, in the shape of a small trowel. The motion is actuated by a small turbine wheel, about three inches in diameter, geared into another wheel, on which is fixed a cutter. In front is a comb, serving as a guard against cutting the skin. The machine is used in the same fashion as the shears, but cuts, it is stated, much quicker and far cleaner, without the least danger of injuring the fleece or sheep.

AN ELECTRIC TRUMPET.—An electrical trumpet, which is expected to be very useful in signaling on ships, railways, etc., has been devised and is described as consisting of a short brass tube mounted on wood, and containing an electro-magnet, whose ends face a vibrating plate, on which is fixed a small piece of soft iron. Against this plate-armature rests a regulating screw with platinum point, which serves for automatic interruption by vibration of the armature. With two Leclanche elements a musical sound is had, which may be varied in pitch, intensity and timbre by means of the screw.

AN IMPROVED BIRD-CAGE.—Those who keep birds know how necessary it is to have the cage always sweet and wholesome. This work, of course, entails a certain amount of trouble. In order, however, to get rid of this bother altogether, a bird-cage has recently been patented, containing a very simple but very useful improvement. The body of the cage is constructed in the usual way, but at the level of the floor there are side guides, and a roll of waterpaper stretched across the floor and through the guides. Every morning the soiled paper is pulled out at the opposite end of the cage and torn off, a fresh sheet of paper having meanwhile unwound itself from the roller, and becoming the new floor. The paper may be either plain or colored, and ornamented in a variety of designs.

Farm and Garden.

EARLY RISING.—Early rising, with the work done in part before the heat of the day, and a good rest at noon, will save the horses during the warm days.

SPOILING A HORSE.—About the surest way to spoil a spirited horse is to urge him by frequent taps or words until he finds he can never satisfy his driver, then he will always remain a slow-poke.

SALT AND SHEEP.—If sheep have free access to salt they will never overeat of it, but if salted occasionally and given it freely, they will eat too much, which provokes unnatural thirst and possibly injurious effects.

WEEDS.—Where weeds persist in springing up as fast as they are cut off, kerosene oil may be used to advantage. If a small quantity be poured on the plants after being cut down the effect will be to destroy them. Dock weeds and dandelions are easily destroyed by the use of kerosene.

THE GRASS.—Cut the grass once a week (if you have a lawn mower), when it is not over four inches high. Of course but a small portion of that which is cut will be required for immediate use, but the remainder should be collected and cured for winter use. No better winter food can be provided. It should be raked up immediately after being cut, and then gathered and taken to a sandy place, and allowed to dry without being exposed to the sun. This will make a light, tender food, and, if thoroughly cured and packed in old barrels, it will keep in a dry place for years.

HORSE-SHOEING.—In Germany the blacksmith, when finishing a horseshoe, punches a hole in the two ends, and when the shoe is cold he taps in a screw thread and screws into the shoe, when on the horse's foot a sharp pointed stud of an inch in length, and with shoes thus fitted the horse travels securely over the worst possible road, either when riding or driving; draught horses are shod in the same manner. When the horse comes to the stable the groom unscrews the pointed stud and screws in a button, so that no damage can happen to the horse and the screw holes are prevented from filling. When the horse is going out the groom takes out the button and replaces the pointed stud, and there is no fear of the horse coming back with broken knees or strained sinews, and the public is spared the sight of horses falling down or slipping in all directions.

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Peace Among Men.

The man who has not peace in himself cannot get peace from circumstances. Place him where you will, he carries an unquiet heart along with him. Can you keep the ocean from the wind? Can you bid the gust and the hurricane be still? Nay. We are here to control the circumstances in which we are placed, and transmute them, and get good and spirituality out of them.

It certainly may be true that a man is made restless and miserable by circumstances. It certainly may be that the ocean is ploughed into billows by the tempest blasts, but all that they did was to lash the ocean and show that it was yielding water and not firm rock. All that circumstances have done when they make a man restless is this, to show that he is not incorporated with the Rock of Ages.

It is the one result of the ocean's restlessness that the ravages which it makes are not engulfed in its depths forever. Navies may sink, and the waters roll above them as if they were to appear no more, but the wanderer on some distant beach is startled in his ramble to read the dismal tale of shipwreck in the planks that are stranded on the shore.

Now there is something fearfully like this in the constitution of our souls. Deeds that we have done, and thoughts that we have dwelt upon, sink like stone into the ocean, and we expect that they will appear no more. But it would seem that a thing once lodged in the memory can never be lost. It may sink for a time—long years—as in the ocean depths, but there are tempests which may bring it up some day. There are moments of existence when we seem endued with an unusual, startling power to recall a long train of past occurrences, when the mind seems almost supernaturally active, not at the bidding of our will.

By night, alone, when music had touched the string of long-forgotten associations, when conversation had left a strange excitement in the spirit, we have known what it is to find a marvelous rapidity in the power of thought, and all the past come as freshly before us as if it were yesterday. With a mind like that, man is not one moment secure of rest, he is doomed to recollect. A dull and heavy body blinds his senses, and so buries his misery for a time; but it is there, and God can cast it up at any moment in the shape of mire and dirt.

This is the misery of remorse—the worst torment of man's stormy mind. It only needs that the body which buries recollection for a time shall be dissolved, and then there begins the eternity of a hell of recollections—when every act of bygone guilt, which has not been sunk in repentance shall be as fresh and vivid before a sinner's eyes as it was at the moment when it was committed.

We do not always see that peace is the thing we want. We sigh for it now and again, but we do not pursue it. Gold we pursue, and pleasure, and power, and fame with all our might, through all our lifetime; we do not covet peace except when we are weary, and want to sleep and dream. Look at yon solitary man by the riverside. He is watching the stream flow, and the waving weeds; and he is saying to himself, "I would this restless bosom were like yon tranquil river, not torn and tossed as I feel it by these restless passions, like waves of the stormy sea!" And why not? He is unhappy, perhaps almost constantly unhappy; and, when he is by himself, he will sometimes break down, and weep over the life he has been leading, and is leading still; and there it ends. He has not the courage to look very closely into himself, and ask what is at the bottom of this discontent. He lets another sigh escape him, which goes to swell that great wind of unrest which goes moaning about the world, and hurries back to some scene of distraction, where he may get rid, for a time, of that burden of himself which he cannot bear. Men's feeling about peace is often, then, no more than a sentiment—a flower that springs up in the heart and withers in a day; a momentary smile upon a stern countenance.

SUDDEN and unforeseen troubles, whether in the shape of bodily illnesses, or grief and affliction, paralyze the mind and enervate the heart as much by their very novelty as by their actual power to injure. It is this very novelty, this unexpectedness, that enables them to strike at the very keystones in the arches which support the foundations of life. And it is those very men and women who make a fool's paradise of this world, who allow the pleasures of it to act upon their minds as narcotics, causing them to pass their time as if half asleep, or dreaming they shall never be moved; it is these very people who are the most easily cast down—never more to rise—by the first blow of sickness, the first puff of adversity, which would have had but little if any lasting effect upon a thinking, meditative individual. Every one should be prepared to meet with, to face and do battle with trouble of every kind, leaving the results of the fight in the hands of Providence. And there is only one way of training against trouble, and that is by self-communing and meditation. Self-communing is a duty that every one owes to himself. The man is not wise who goes through this world with his eyes half shut, and never indulges in that purest of all earthly pleasures, private meditation.

CHARACTER is formed by habits, habits by repeated actions, and actions result from awakened feelings. If we would successfully build up character worthy of esteem, we must present motives to right action and strengthen the tendencies to such action by securing continuous repetition. Not by perpetually reiterating rules of conduct, insisting on one thing and denouncing another, not mainly by reasoning or explaining, or holding up consequences to view but by so operating upon the emotions and desires as to strengthen the higher and weaken the lower, and by thus developing the germs of moral principle which exist in every heart, are good habits formed and good character established.

You will find existence full of sweet savor if you do not expect from it what it cannot give. When people complain of life, it is almost always because they have asked impossible things from it. Upon this believe wholly the teaching of the wisest. There is but one foundation for a happy life—the pursuit of the good and of the true. You will be well pleased with existence if you make fair use of it, and if you abide well pleased with yourselves. A noble sentence is that which says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

A pure heart, a generous disposition, and a habit of self control are all conducive to clear ideas and true views. Free from the blinding clouds of passion or prejudice, vanity or ambition, selfishness or envy, the mind arises in its dignity and asserts its native power. It is then able to examine reasons, sift motives, foresee results, and arrive at sound conclusions. Untrammeled by the fetters of excessive hope or fear, it is free to discern the laws which govern human nature and which determine right-doing.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments and tender officiousness; and, therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy.

THE great ocean is in a constant state of evaporation. It gives back what it receives and sends up its waters in mists to gather into clouds; and so there are rain on the field and storm on the mountains, and greenness and beauty everywhere. But there are many men who do not believe in evaporation. They get all they can and keep all they got, and so are not fertilizers, but only stagnant miasmatic ponds.

TRUE success means the development of a character that is worthy of example—character that is honest to every duty, faithful to every trust, and that is unselfish enough to find time for kindly acts that are not forced, but the simple expression of a warm and generous principle. True success is fidelity to every relation in life.

IT is not sufficient to constitute us just men and women that we strictly pay our debts, keep our promises, and fulfil our contracts, if at the same time we are stern when we should be kind, hard where we should be tender, cold where we should be sympathetic; for then we pay only half our debts and repudiate the other half.

IT is certainly right to seek for and to secure a fair return for all labor, but the consuming desire for more than this, the restlessness that is never satisfied and that never says, "It is enough," the discontent that always undervalues what is possessed and covets what is out of reach, is the worm at the core of real happiness.

THE sphere of our affections is one in which we are very apt to expect too much from others, and thus to cause bitterness and often estrangement. Where we love we naturally crave to be loved; but this craving, if not regulated by reason, is very likely to blossom into a selfish oppression.

THE basis and groundwork of friendship is the forgetting of self through that sympathy which must always exist between real friends. With such a starting point, friendship—true friendship—must lead to a better, nobler life, to higher ideas, and to purer desires.

IT is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge that what it gains never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its ends become means; all its attainments help to new conquests.

HEALTH and sickness, enjoyment and suffering, knowledge and ignorance, power and subjection, liberty and bondage, civilization and barbarity, have their offices and duties; all serve for the formation of character.

SHALL we repine at a little misplaced charity, we who could no way foresee the effect—when an all-knowing, all-wise being showers down every day his benefits on the unthankful and undeserving?

WHEN we see the shameful fortunes amassed in all quarters of the globe, are we not impelled to exclaim that Judas' thirty pieces of silver have fructified across the centuries?

ABSENCE, like death, sets a seal on the image of those we have loved; we cannot realize the intervening changes which time may have effected.

DESPISE not any man, and do not spurn anything; for there is no man that has not his hour, nor is there anything that has not its place.

The World's Happenings.

The Japanese make cheese from beans and peas.

In one district in New York there is one saloon to every 41 persons.

If 32,000,000 persons should clasp hands they could reach round the globe.

The late S. J. Tilden, it is said, owned property in England to the amount of $600,000.

A pious family in New York is said to have converted a parrot from profanity and taught it a prayer.

Buffalo Bill and his entire troop of Indians attended church in London the other day in full war paint.

Two young ladies of Massachusetts have been earning a good living by teaching whist in New York.

The drafted men of Kingston, N. Y., want the $300 back which they paid for substitutes during the war.

Mrs. Rachel Lloyd makes $1,500 a year teaching chemistry to the students of the Nebraska State University.

Chauncey M. Depew, Jay Gould, Russel Sage, Cyrus W. Field, and lots of other men, do not drink, smoke or chew.

Miss Alice E. Freeman has resigned the Presidency of Wellesley College. It is said she is about to marry a Professor of Harvard.

American contributions to Ireland in forty years have amounted to nearly $18,000,000, a large part of which the landlords have got.

California boasts of her timber, and it is stated that pine boards 80 feet long and 8 feet wide, without knot or blemish, can readily be obtained there.

Queen Victoria wore glasses in public for the first time last week. The lenses were no larger than a quarter dollar piece, and set in a plain bit of tortoise shell.

Colored people in some parts of the South have been somewhat extensively taken in by a white man, who goes about making masons of them at $3 per head.

Coffee Rice is the name of a gentleman who has just been appointed Director of one of the agricultural districts of California by the Governor of that State.

A Mexican female smuggler was arrested in El Paso, Texas, recently. She was betrayed by a music box, which she had concealed in her bustle, starting up a lively tune.

Georgia, whose curiosities have been quiescent lately, starts a revival with a story of a dog in Lewis county whose hair turned white in a single night, through sorrow and grief.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota has discharged a prisoner who was convicted by a jury partly composed of women, on the ground that women cannot legally act as jurors.

A brass band, whose fourteen members are all newsboys, exists in New Orleans, and its services are in great demand. It is said to be the only newsboys' band in the United States.

Philip Hansen, of Corinth, Miss., is a man 60 years of age, six feet two inches tall, and when he stands erect his beard touches the ground. It has not been cut for eleven years.

A Manchester man has conceived the idea of putting a tack in a board and tying it to his bank in order to stop the back-action nightmare. When he turns on his back the tack sticks him.

While eating peanuts, some days ago, a little daughter of a Middleton, (N. Y.) policeman drew a piece of kernel into her throat with her breath, causing a swelling of the bronchial tubes that resulted in her death.

A deaf mute was before a Petersburg, Va., court the other day on the charge of burglary, and the indictment was gravely read to him by the clerk. Under instructions from the Court the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

A sixteen year old girl was arrested in Washington last week charged with breaking into a house, robbing it of about $100 worth of goods and then setting it on fire. She was wearing some of the stolen property at the time of the arrest.

A jewelry store in Bridgeport, Conn., was robbed of $9,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry on last Sunday morning by burglars who, in their retreat through a barroom, left $3.60 on the bar to pay for drinks and cigars they had helped themselves to.

A new discovery is called auto-telegraphy, and it is claimed that it will be possible with its use to write upon a sheet of paper and have an autographic fac-simile of the writing reproduced by telegraph 200 miles away, and probably a much greater distance.

It is asserted that an infectious and contagious malady, known as the "bath disease," which attacks the eyes, and is contracted by bathing in water in which diseased persons are bathing or have bathed, has resulted from the free swimming baths of New York city.

For post-offices California has You Bet and Tennessee U Bet; Texas, Us; Georgia, Ty Ty; Tennessee, Use; Colorado, Unawep; Virginia, Ah Sid; North Carolina, Aho; Tennessee, Yum Yum; Colorado, Zem Zem; Tennessee, Y. Z.; three States, O. K., and Colorado, O. Z.; Missouri says Pay Down and Georgia Pay Up; Idaho, Sweet; Tennessee, Sweet Lips.

A valuable mare in England recently gave birth to a foal. A faint line indicated the position of the eyelids, but the animal was apparently without eyes. An incision across each eyelid was made, and the foal immediately its eyes were opened recognized its dam. During a period of twenty-three years the veterinary surgeon has not met with such a case.

Beach Hawley, nine years old, and a voracious reader of cheap novels of the furious sort, started from his home in Bridgeport, Conn., on Tuesday for Africa, taking with him a loaded horse pistol, with which he began practising when he got as far as Newtown. An accidental discharge of the weapon lodged a ball in his head, causing what was regarded as a mortal wound.

THE WORLD'S WAYS.

BY RITA.

A bird on a blossomed spray,
In the heart of the golden weather,
Sat singing the livelong day,
As my love and I together
Went down by the violet way,
My love with the dark and the dreaming eyes
Starry and still as the midnight skies.

Under the bare, brown spray,
With wet and rain-beaten feather,
Songless, the dead bird lay
Where my love and I together
Had walked in the green of May,
And I pined for the light of his starry eyes,
And answered the moan of the wind with sighs.

Another bird on the spray,
Sang in the crystal weather,
As my love and I one day—
A new love—walked together,
From the violets fringing the way,
Or the azure deeps of the summer skies
He had borrowed the blue of his laughing eyes.

Ah! a new bird on the spray,
To sing in the gay, green weather,
And a new love every day,
And a heart as light as a feather,
That is the old world's way.
Scattered the dust of the dead bird lies,
Forgotten the light of the dead love's eyes!

A Woman of Faculty.

BY STELLA ST. GARD.

PLEASE, papa, may I go to Girton?"

The Rev. Alexander Forbes raised his eyes from the pages of "John Stuart Mill," and gazed over his spectacles at the speaker in profound astonishment.

"*What* did you say, my daughter?" he ejaculated.

"I asked you, papa, whether I might go to Girton," repeated the girl, without a trace of hesitation though she spoke more calmly than she had spoken before, and colored a little as she returned the protracted gaze of those grave, astonished, spectacled grey eyes.

"Let me be sure that I understand you aright, Dorothy. You wish to go to Girton to complete your education?"

"Yes, papa," said Dorothy, meekly enough now. Her father's gravely astonished face disconcerted her. She thought that he appeared displeased. She was not a little ashamed, besides, of the rash impetuosity with which she had introduced the subject.

"When did this idea of finishing your education first occur to you, Dorothy?"

"Only just now, papa. I had a letter from Constance Fenimore by the mid-day mail; she is going to Girton at the commencement of the next term, and she has asked me to go with her."

The vicar drew out his watch.

"You received your letter at one o'clock; it is now twenty-five minutes to two; you have not given the question due consideration. Go back to your crewels, my daughter. We will speak of this matter again."

"Papa! I do not work crewels!" in a tone of blended impatience and despair.

"I am sorry to hear it, Dorothy. I believed that all ladies worked crewels. Your aunt works crewels, and she is the most perfect lady I know. I wish you were more like her." And the vicar returned to his book.

But he found it difficult to concentrate thought. To tell the truth, the vicar was seriously disturbed. He was an old-fashioned man. The much-disputed question of woman's rights had passed him by in his quiet country vicarage. Tennyson's "Sweet Girl-graduat-s" remained beautiful myths to him.

Had he possessed an idea of a veritable Girton or Newnham girl at all, it would have been, I fear, that of some singular monstrosity which nature had originally intended for a man. Such a possibility as that of his little Dorothy, tomboy though she was, developing into a strong-minded woman, had never once suggested itself to him.

"If only her mother might have been spared to me!" he thought. "Adelaide is the best of sisters, and a pearl among women; but perhaps she does not quite understand the child; and I am sure I do not."

"John Stuart Mill" was pushed aside. The vicar sat for several minutes with both elbows on the table and his head in his hands, in deep thought. His daughter had perplexed him greatly all through her short life, and never had she perplexed him more than now.

"She should certainly have been a boy," said he, lifting his head, and concluding his soliloquy aloud. "And yet I cannot imagine myself, after all, finding so much comfort in any boy as I do in this bundle of contradictions I call my daughter. With all her faults, she is her mother's girl, though so strangely unlike her."

The vicar heaved a deep sigh, and drew his book towards him again. But finding attention impossible, he put it back into its place on the library shelves, opened a drawer, and drew from its recesses man's consolation under all the ills of life—a pipe and a pouch of tobacco.

Dorothy, meanwhile, was at the bottom of the garden, sitting in the arbor, which she called her bower-house. She had her tabby cat in her arms, and with her chin buried in its soft fur was trying to persuade herself that her eyes were not full of tears.

More than one salt-drop had fallen on pussy's head, or trickled glittering to the floor, when something came between the two friends and the light: a sunny face was bent down to look into the dismal one of pussy's mistress, and a merry voice exclaimed—

"Crying, little woman!"

Dorothy started up, and held out her hand.

"Certainly not! How do you do, Archie?"

She faced him bravely, but the next moment followed involuntarily the direction of his glance, and there upon the two clasped hands lay a big tear-drop.

"What shall I do with this diamond of the first water?" asked her companion seriously, as he carefully unclasped his fingers from hers, and looked gravely down at the wet splash on his hand. "You are convicted, Dolly. What was it all about?"

Dorothy pulled out her pocket-handkerchief, caught his hand, and rubbed vigorously on the spot where the drop had lain.

"That will do, Dolly, thank you," protested the young man, in an amused way. "Your muscular development is superb. I wish the good woman who polishes the windows of my den used hers to so good purpose. Are you going to tell me what you were crying about, dear?"

"I was not crying," began Dorothy, coloring; "it was only——"

"Only a teardrop! Yes, I know," said the young man. "Do not tell me if you really would rather not, Dolly; but one's birthday is a day to be happy in, I think." And putting her back into her chair, he sat down on the steps at her feet.

"It was nothing worth mentioning, Archie. I asked papa if I might go to Girton, that was all; and instead of asking him quietly, as I ought to have done, I rushed into the library while he was reading, with my hair all tousled as it is now, and burst out with the question at once in the most violent manner; and I think he was not pleased with me. You know how much my tomboy-like ways distress him, and I have been really trying to amend myself of them lately. At the end he told me—he told me"—Dorothy gave a little gasp—"he told me to go back to my crewels!"

"And pray why should he not, my dear girl? I thought that all ladies worked crewels," said Archie, puckering up his forehead into a funny little frown.

"That is just what papa said," returned Dorothy; "but I do not see why every girl should be *expected* to work crewels. Crewel-work is my peculiar antipathy."

"But why is it that you dislike sewing so much now, Dorothy? You used always to sew up the holes in my gloves for me when you were little. I am sorry you don't like useful things, dear."

Dorothy gave her head an indescribable little toss—an indescribable mingling of scorn, indignation and pity.

"I am not quite so unwomanly a person as you suppose, Archie. It is not sewing that I dislike, nor useful things. I knit all papa's socks, I make all my own linen, and Aunt Adelaide says that my tea-cakes are always lighter than hers."

"Peccavi! Dollikins; peccavi! I will never presume to mention crewels in your presence again."

"Be good enough not to call me by that absurd name, Archibald. What woman of faculty was ever called 'Dollikins,' I wonder?"

Archie lifted a pair of handsome brown eyes brimming over with laughter.

"A woman of faculty! What is that? Are you one, Dolly?"

"I am not a woman of faculty at present, but I intend to be one some day," said Dorothy, with dignity.

"Excelsior! Then I suppose I am to call you Miss Dorothea in future? That will be very disagreeable," he said comically.

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders; not prettily, they were too angular.

"Call me what you please, Archibald, I beg."

Archie started up, lifted his hat with a graceful but exaggerated flourish, and dropped on one knee at her feet.

"I have been so unhappy as to offend you. Deign me forgiveness, gracious one."

"Go away, Archie; you are rude." And Dorothy rose, with the evident intention of leaving Archie to the society of the tabby kitten.

But Archie caught her hand, and drew her down to her seat again.

"Don't be cross, dearie; I shall not like the idea of your becoming a woman of faculty if you are going to snub me so dreadfully. Come and tell me all about it."

Archie had filled the place of brother to Dorothy all through her life; she had neither brother nor sister of her own. Truth and honor were but other names for "Archie" for her ear, and she looked up to him as a girl of fine nature will to a brother who is worthy of the confidence.

Archie's absences at school and college had been necessarily frequent, and he was in London now, "walking the hospitals;" but the two corresponded regularly, and always "had a good time," as Dorothy expressed it, in the holidays. Their relation to each other was good for them both.

She sat down now at his bidding, and told him "all about it;" how she had been seized with intellectual hunger, how she craved for knowledge, though she did not mind knitting papa's socks, nor making the tea-cakes, one bit—he was always to remember that.

And how "papa" had frowned when he had found her poring over Mill's "Political Economy" one day; had positively forbidden her to touch any volume of philosophy in the library, and told her to stick to Plutarch's "Lives" and her Longfellow.

And did Archie see why a lady need be less a lady because she was clever, or even learned; and did he think it quite necessary if a woman was "blue" that she should be an untidy housewife and incapable of managing her servants?

And Archie comforted her, as he always managed to do, and assured her how truly he should like her to be "a woman of faculty" in all ways, as she was already in some.

He left her happy with his promise to intercede for her with the vicar. She thought that it must be a very serious reason indeed which would induce her father to refuse Archie anything.

* * * * * *

"Dorothea Forbes, B. A." It was quite true. Little Dorothy had proved herself to be "a woman of faculty."

Her father had absolutely refused consent to the Girton scheme: it entailed too many lengthened absences from home; but he had allowed her to attempt the matriculation examination for the University of London.

On discovering, somewhat to his surprise, that she passed this preliminary ordeal with ease, he had permitted her to prepare for graduation, and had afforded her every facility for pursuing the necessary course of study—with what result we have seen.

Archie had completed his medical training, and was at home practising with his father. It was nearly three years now since Archie had warned Dorothea that he should want something more than either sisterly affection or friendship from her at some time in the future.

At this moment he was standing with her by the low window in the vicarage library.

"Bachelor of Arts, actually! My warmest congratulations, Dollikins," he was saying, holding both her hands and looking down at her with frank admiration. "I knew you would win."

"Dollikins!" repeated Miss Dorothea severely.

"I beg your pardon, dear; the old pet name comes so naturally. But you believe how truly delighted I am, don't you, Dolly?"

Dorothy smiled sedately. "Yes, Archie," she said; "I know that you do not hold the unreasonable prejudice against women of faculty which many people have."

"I don't know, Dorothy. That is a prejudice which is fast dying out, I think—admitting that it ever existed, which I seriously doubt," replied Archie, with a happy defiance of logic. "Are you coming to be introduced to our literary lion to-night?"

"Yes; Dr. Chichester asked me to accompany Aunt Adelaide and papa. Have you seen her yet?"

"No; I am anticipating the pleasure for this evening. But I am tired, Dorothy; I have had a long round to-day. Let me have a cup of tea with you, will you? And then I will wait, and we will all go to my father's together."

"If you do not mind drinking it alone with me. Papa is out, and Aunt Adelaide is sleeping off a sick headache. Make yourself comfortable in that arm-chair, Archie, and read the paper while I make it."

Archie took possession of the chair, but not of the paper. He leaned back silently, and watched Dorothy's performance of her pretty housewifely tasks with considerable interest.

Dorothy was a bright, healthy-looking girl, but she was not at all pretty. Tastefully dressed, she would have been pleasant to look upon, and even comely; as it was, in spite of her large, darkly-fringed grey eyes, frank expression, arch smile, and fine teeth, she looked positively unattractive.

Her blue serge dress, guiltless of trimming, fell to her feet in straight folds. A high collar of the same material, without a vestige of white, finished it at the neck—and Dorothy's skin had a decided tinge of brown in it. The sleeves were buttoned closely at the wrists, again with no softening touch of white—and Dorothy's hands, though shapely, were bony, and her wrists, instead of being fair and round, were decidedly angular. Her hair was cut quite short and brushed smoothly, almost tightly, off her forehead, and the style, pretty enough on some girls, did not become Dorothy at all.

But, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the two spent a happy hour over their tea. Archie did not take up the paper, however, even when the tea-equipage had been carried away, and Dorothy had gone upstairs to dress. He sat gazing into the fire in deep thought.

He looked up when she returned, and eyed her critically. She had changed the blue serge for a brown merino, made precisely in the same style. Archie thought that she looked worse in brown than she had done in blue.

"May I ask whether you consider yourself dressed, Miss Dorothea?" he demanded, after surveying her silently and attentively for several moments.

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders in the old ungraceful way.

"What is the matter with me?" she asked, holding her hand towards him, that he might button her glove.

"You don't look as pretty as you ought to do, that is all," returned Archie shortly.

"I am sufficiently pretty to please myself; nothing more is necessary," replied Dorothy, with equal conciseness.

"I don't agree with you. Something more is necessary for every lady. I should decidedly disapprove of my wife dressing only to please herself; I should also decidedly object to her making a fright of herself."

Dorothea flushed crimson. "The personal appearance of the lady in question can have no possible interest for me," she replied coldly.

"*Dorothy!*"

"Well, Archibald?"

"Are you going to throw me over now when it has been an understood thing for so long?"

"I have determined never to marry," replied Dorothy, with another bright flush.

"May I know why?"

"A woman of faculty has no need to marry."

"Bother your woman of faculty, Dolly! Do be reasonable, dear. Every woman ought to be a woman of faculty."

"Every woman is not a woman of faculty. It is not fitting that a woman of faculty should marry and submit to the rule of man. She has a nobler mission."

Archie burst out laughing. Dorothea looked at him, colored, and turned away deeply offended.

Archie sprang after her, and caught her hand. "I beg your pardon, dear; I did not mean to be rude, but I really could not help it. You have a monomania on this subject, Dorothy."

"It is not a monomania, Archie; but I forgive you, certainly; it is only that you do not understand."

"Give it all up, dear, and fulfil your old promise; or rather the hope which you allowed me to entertain. Think what headway I should make in my profession with a woman of faculty for my wife!" he added, with a sudden impulse of fun, though he looked a little pale too.

"I have said that I do not intend to marry," she repeated, with dignity.

Archie bent down and kissed the perturbed wrinkle which had appeared on the forehead that was yet so fair and youthful.

"Well, dear, I will not force myself upon you; but I am inclined to think that you will change your mind," he said.

Aunt Adelaide, very delicate and sweet in her soft silk of silvery grey, entered the room at this point, and, with a confused apology for keeping her waiting, Dorothy

escaped up-stairs in search of a shawl.

Half an hour later they were in Doctor Chichester's drawing-room. "This is our lady graduate, Miss Ray, and we are very proud of her," the doctor's genial voice was saying.

Dorothy lifted her eyes in rather an awe-stricken way. She had all a girl's adoration for the name of the distinguished lady to whom she was being introduced.

The face into which she looked was very fair, the eyes were blue and smiling, the brow was smooth and serene, and crowned by coils of golden hair.

The owner of the face wore a rich dress of ruby velvet, with costly lace, exquisitely fine, at the throat and on the half-sleeves; a cluster of waxen gardenias nestled in the coils of shining hair.

In the sweetest voice in the world this lovely vision asked Dorothy how she was.

The child was stricken dumb. This was not at all the stately strong-minded lady, with the high-minded disregard for the frivolities of fashion, whom she had pictured. It was a great shock to her, and it kept her quiet all the evening. "At least I am sure that she would never marry," was the consoling conclusion she reached at last, after much thought.

When Archie, quite by accident, heard this conviction expressed next day, he combated it strenuously. "I am sure that so sweet and good a woman would never disdain a man's honest love," he argued; "and she would return it too, if the man chanced to be the right one."

Dorothy thought differently; she was indignant, she was disgusted, she was angry; but Archie held to his opinion. "I will write to her," said Dorothy suddenly, "and ask her what she believes the mission of a woman of faculty really to be."

Archie was present when the reply was brought to her. "It is from Miss Ray," she said, as she cut the envelope neatly across. "Now, Archie, we shall see."

Dorothy's quick color mounted to her temples almost as soon as her eyes had fallen upon the paper.

Archie stole up softly behind her, and looked over her shoulder unhindered.

"My Dear Miss Dorothy Fourne:—You ask me what I believe to be the true mission in life of a woman of faculty. I do not precisely know what you mean by the phrase 'a woman of faculty;' but I think that the most enviable mission of such a woman must be marriage, because of her power to make a good wife. No degree of 'faculty' can lift a woman above marriage. I know your story, my dear; the heart which is offered to you is a loyal one: do not slight it. A woman may be happy without being a wife and a mother, but a happy wife and mother is the happiest of women. I am myself on the eve of marriage with one for whom, if he wished it, I would, without hesitation, renounce any distinction which I have been able to claim for myself with my pen. Believe me, faithfully yours, "Madeline Ray."

So ran the letter.

"Now, Dorothy, surrender!" said Archie, turning her triumphantly towards him.

Dorothy made one little struggle for freedom, but he held her hands fast, and there was no place, save his coat-sleeve, for her confusion to hide itself in.

Archie lifted the blushing face in both hands, and kissed her lips this time.

"Now, dear," he said, "run up-stairs and put on that pretty blue silk dress with the cream lace that you wore at my birthday party three years ago, and brush some of this hair down on your forehead and curl it a little. I want to look as proud of my Dorothy as I feel when my father and Miss Ray come in to congratulate me presently."

The Olive Branch.

BY J. C. AYRTON.

IN a certain old red house in the main street of Warwick lived, nearly sixty years ago, my heroine, Alice Barton, under the care of her grandfather, a fine old irascible Tory gentleman, red-faced, white-haired and opinionated, who had fallen upon days evil enough to embitter a nature originally sound at the core, but easily warped and strained by prejudice.

Pretty Alice, an orphan without brother or sister, was the very apple of the old man's eye; and she had never felt the want of youthful companionship, for she had always had a nearer and dearer associate than even a paternal one in Frank Chillingworth, the only son of a rich grazier at Whitnash.

His schooldays were passed in Warwick, and his holidays were mostly spent there also—in Mr. Barton's green, high-walled garden; or sitting with Alice in the winter time in the red wainscoted parlor on the cushioned seats which ran along the deep bay windows, from which the young people were never tired of watching the familiar stir and hum of well-known figures and equipages passing in the street below.

Mr. Chillingworth chuckled rather than grumbled at his son's absorption. He loved the bright girl for her own sake; and she was said to be the richest heiress in the Midlands; for Mr. Barton was head of an old-established County Bank.

The young people were well matched. Frank was ruddy, broad-shouldered and middle-sized, with keen, blue, far-sighted eyes; a true son of the rich soil which had nurtured the Chillingworths for more generations than the Bartons had been magnates in Warwick.

Alice was little and fair, with an oval face, creamy-white skin, grey eyes, and hair that would curl in flowing ringlets in strong contrast to the odious fashion prevalent in '29.

The Chillingworths and Bartons were bound by the ties of long ancestral friendship, inherited by the fathers of our pair.

But of late years, the stress of politics had tended to divide them. It was a time of violent and bitter party feeling. Men were gradually drawn by natural bias or external pressure to lengths which their more sober judgment would once have deprecated most hotly.

Their religious views also grew to differ in an immense ratio. Mr. Chillingworth, jolly and unreflective, remained an orthodox member of the high and dry church party of his youth.

Mr. Barton, naturally inclined to look on everything with a darker and more morose eye, became gradually infected by the growing Evangelicalism; and at last left his parish church to be a seatholder in a missionary chapel set up by a star of the Clapham School to enlighten the eyes of the Midlanders.

Thither Alice was taken every Sunday, and her distaste to the dull service and long sermons was not lessened by the fact that Frank stuck sturdily to the high green-baize pew in his father's church. For Alice was neither politically nor theologically inclined. Country girls in that day mostly left it to their male relations to decide their views of such matters.

In 1829, the question of Reform came to finish the alienation of the two old friends. Mr. Barton went home one night from a True Blue dinner to tell Alice that her engagement must be broken off. Frank had been seconding his father at a public meeting in the afternoon in favor of a resolution for removing all religious disabilities.

Alice listened, but said nothing. The old gentleman, she saw, had at least one bottle of port under his belt. She trusted the morning would bring moderation in its train.

Alas, it only brought increased determination. Neither entreaty nor argument could bring him to alter his decision; the only concession he would make was that she might see Frank herself once more, to communicate her grandfather's decision. She wrote a letter to her lover, which was blistered with the tears she proudly choked back before Mr. Barton.

Frank came even before she thought it possible the messenger could have reached him. He was more angry than alarmed. The sight of her bright little face all tear-stained made him furious.

"I have never seen you cry, Alice!" he said, "even when you were a baby; and I have often thought you should never have cause to wet your cheek with one single drop of bitterness."

"I never have had anything to cry for before this. Now I think I shall never have reason to do anything else."

"But you don't mean to say you have ever thought of giving me up?"

"What can I do, Frank?"

"Marry me in despite of the old gentleman."

"Oh, Frank!" Beyond this ejaculation Alice was silent, struck dumb with horror. Frank reined in his impatience wonderfully, got his arm round her, and began to argue the point. She listened with attention, but at first would only shake her head wearily.

"It is forced upon us; the blame would be Mr. Barton's. No one could think less well of you," reiterated Frank in varying formula.

At last Alice was compelled to answer. "Even if anything could ever make me do a thing I have always thought of as shocking, I would never come to your house to be a burden on your father."

"A burden!" Frank laughed with reassuring scorn. "My father told me to tell you what I didn't dare to repeat till you force me to it, Alice, by talking such nonsense, that he would rather you came to us as Griseldis did to her husband than that we should lose you."

The old man had used Chaucerian English, and Frank got very red in the telling; even thus qualified. But Alice's color did not change. Female education was not very far advanced fifty years ago.

"I don't know who she was, Frank; but your father is always good and kind."

"He says we want a mistress for the house, not a fortune; we have money enough. Alice, will you come to Gretna Green with me? There would be dangerous delays any other way. Remember, it lies between running away with me and giving me up. Hush, dear! listen! you know you would be safe in my hands; and we would be married in church directly we came back."

But Alice shrank with horror, which had even a little indignation, from the bare thought of an elopement. Frank had to leave her, sobbing as if her heart would break, and saying over and over again that she would never give him up, but that she could never, never do such a thing as he proposed. He managed to swallow the expression of his wrath in very pity for her agony of distress and shame, trusting to work in his behalf.

* * * * * *

Time passed on, and Mr. Barton continued inexorable. Alice began to sicken for the sight of Frank, who kept out of her way for a while, hurt and indignant.

But as summer waxed towards autumn, she met him several times, by chance as she thought, in an old trysting-place of theirs, at a stile in the fields leading to Grey's Cliff. It seemed as if the feet of both had led them unwittingly to the beloved spot; for Alice was shy and wretched, Frank silent and constrained, and they exchanged but few words.

But at last he broke down, and re-urged his suit in passionate, eager words. He had been to Mr. Barton, he said, and had bowed his pride so far as to entreat him that he would not wreck the happiness of two young lives for his whim: but he had desired him to leave the office.

A few weeks after, thinking time might have brought misgivings, Mr. Chillingworth had written him a letter to the same effect, which had been returned. The very day before that on which he now met Alice, Frank had attempted to address Mr. Barton in the High Street; and he had turned on his heel in insulting silence, in the presence of many observers.

"You will not think it necessary to mince matters with a man who treats your lover like this, Alice?"

Distressed and perplexed beyond measure, she begged for time to think, and promised to meet Frank and give him her answer the next evening at the same place.

A country town is proverbially the headquarters of gossip. The affairs of the Barton and Chillingworth families had excited lively interest for miles round Warwick. People took sides according to their religious or political bias, and some base partisan of the Barton faction brought to her grandfather's ears this very evening the news that Frank and Alice had met.

Enraged at her disobedience, he threatened to send her to an aunt in Ireland if she ever spoke to her lover again. The sentence conveyed the idea of perpetual banishment to a Midland girl sixty years ago.

The harshness was ill-timed. She had inherited a piece of the old man's obstinacy; she was silent, but stung into rebellion. She wrote to Frank that night, saying that she would do all he had asked her, and dispatched it by the housekeeper, who had been her nurse and was devoted to her. By the same messenger Frank sent back a detailed plan of flight, which it would almost seem he must have contemplated for some time, so perfect were the details.

The next evening was one of Mr. Barton's nights for attending a whist club and supper, held bi-weekly at the leading Tory hotel. Alice was to meet her lover at dusk upon the Castle bridge, when they would thus gain at least five hours' clear start, and would make at once straight towards the great northern road, so as to be at Gretna as soon as horses' legs could carry them there.

"My father sends his love," wrote Frank in a hasty note sent to thank and encourage Alice. "If he were not fifteen stone of dead weight, he would make one in the carriage. He looks upon our scheme as a splendid practical joke. I feel all the responsibility of undertaking my darling Alice's happiness. Be sure you shall never have cause to do otherwise than thank Heaven you found courage to trust to your fond lover, Frank."

Young Chillingworth, as an open-handed youngster and the boldest rider to hounds in the Midlands, was the darling of the horsey interest round Warwick. He knew where to go for the best cattle and the coolest postillions, and could count on secrecy.

As dusk fell, he was waiting for Alice on the bridge which commands the view of Warwick Castle proudly overlooking the Avon. After a few minutes of suspense, a little cloaked and hooded figure, carrying a bag, was seen approaching from the town. Frank flew to meet it.

"Frank," said Alice, raising a pale face to his flushed one, "will you never think little of me in your heart for what I am doing this night?"

"My darling, my whole life will be devoted to showing you how I thank you!"

He handed her into the carriage standing near with the reverence a man pays to a princess, wrapped her up hastily but warmly, for the nights were beginning to be chilly, and then took his own seat on the box. The horses, with difficulty held in hand for the brief interval of waiting, dashed off, striking fire from the flints with their eager heels.

They had to gain the northern road by a circuitous route. It was all new to Alice, who had scarcely ever been out of Warwick; but in after days, she could recall few clear recollections of their flight. It seemed to have been a hurried, swiftly-shifting panorama.

Half waking, half asleep, she saw the country rush darkly by her as they whirled through slumbering villages and rattled over the stones of busy towns, looked in the silence and deep sleep of night.

She saw the sun rise in the chill dawn and set in blood-red clouds, and still they went on and on. The vision of her grandfather in hot pursuit of her, and snatching her ultimately from Frank, haunted her waking hours and troubled her fitful dreams when she could close her eyes.

They halted as seldom as they could, and at the least frequented posting-houses.

At every stage, Frank got down and came to talk to her and cheer her, resuming his seat without, despite cold or rain, directly the horses were put in. He did not seem to want sleep; he was a strong and hearty young fellow, and was strung up to a pitch of nervous excitement.

At first he could hardly conceal his anxiety; but as time lengthened, and they got well on in the familiar northern road, with fresh fine horses available at every change, he grew lighter hearted.

Every posting-house seemed to mark a stage nearer to triumph and Alice. But at an inn some way past York, he came to her with a face full of a new fear he could not succeed in suppressing.

"Oh! what is it?" cried Alice, as he tried to meet her eyes with the accustomed jest and smile. "Are we pursued?"

He tried to rally her out of the fancy that anything was wrong, but Alice would not be put off.

"Do I not know your face well enough by this time to see when anything is the matter. Tell me the truth, Frank!" she cried.

"The postillion says that at the last inn a mounted messenger rode into the yard before we reached it, to order a relay of horses to be in waiting for a gentleman who was pursuing a runaway couple."

Alice turned as white as death. "I knew he would move heaven and earth to overtake us and snatch me from you."

"We will not despond," cried Frank as the horses came out, their coats shining like satin in the morning sun, now high above the horizon. He helped to harness them with all speed, and they sprang forward, flying as it seemed, yet all too slow for the alarmed lovers whose fate depended upon their haste.

Straining up hill, then rattling downwards, then stretching at the gallop across a reach of open moorland country, the northern hills purpling the distance, Frank looked back for the hundredth time towards noon, and saw to his horror that a distant speck dotted the white winding road, which loomed more and more distinctly on his vision, urge the pace how he might.

"We are pursued, sir!" said the postillion, looking behind at last.

"I know it!" said Frank, grinding his teeth. "And there is no shelter for miles."

The horses did their very best; the postillion plied the whip and the spur till Frank told him to desist. The sound of advancing wheels at last began to invade the stillness of the September afternoon; it caught Alice's ears; she stretched her head out of the window and cried to Frank in a voice of agony.

"He has caught us, Frank! What can we do?"

"Got a pistol, sir?" asked the postillion, turning round.

"Yes; why?"

"Shoot their leader."

"I couldn't do it to save her life!" said the man, a little contemptuously, as he regarded his struggling team, almost dead beat. By this time, Mr. Barton was audibly vociferating to them to stop, in a voice hoarse with passion. "If you don't, I will put a bullet through some of you," he yelled.

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Alice was not missed for some hours after her departure; no one but the housekeeper knew she was out, and as it was her duty to wait upon the parlor, no one else would see her till bedtime.

But when the locking-up hour arrived, it became evident that the young mistress was absent, and the under-servants became excited. Mr. Barton, arriving at home about midnight, found the house ablaze with light, and the maids in great apparent agitation. Pamela, the pretty housemaid, who had a fellow feeling for lovers in distress, met her master in the hall.

"Oh, sir! Miss Alice has gone and done herself a mischief!" the girl cried, amid her sobs. Mrs. Dixon, the housekeeper, kept discreetly in the background, wringing her hands in dumb manifestation of woe.

Happily for them, he did not wait, but ran upstairs to Alice's room. It was all neat and orderly, but no letter or clue was discernible.

"They must have gone to Gretna! But I will tear her from him!"

Beside himself with passion, he ran to the nearest posting-house and ordered horses, sending on at once a mounted messenger to the next stage, with orders to have relays ready in advance all the way to Scotland.

As he followed in the track of the lovers, his fury grew instead of lessening, for he imagined them successful and himself foiled. But he found at last, with a savage triumph which redoubled his efforts, that he was gaining ground upon the fugitives, who in due time fell into his clutches.

Frank's postillion pulled up his team in obedience to the pursuer's reiterated threats; and the disappointed lover had to stand by while old Barton, with no gentle hand, dragged Alice from her place in the first coach and put her into his own. She uttered no word; but she turned her eyes with a heartbroken expression upon Frank, who was white and silent, but wore a look of stern determination.

"Outwitted!" cried John Barton as he took his seat beside his granddaughter. "If I were a younger man, you should not escape with whole bones, sir."

Never a word spoke Frank, but a gleam shot from his bright blue eye. The coach turned southwards.

"Drive on, my man!" cried old Barton. "You needn't hurry the cattle this way; we can take our time going back."

A crack of the whip, and the jaded steeds began to retrace their steps with downcast heads. Meanwhile Frank was regarding the team in his own coach with critical eyes. Having selected the likeliest, he unyoked and mounted it, and sat a few minutes watching the vehicle which had snatched his prize from him in the moment of success, as it disappeared slowly in the distance.

When it had almost vanished to a dim speck, he started in its wake, leaving his own postillion to follow him leisurely. At the next stage on the way homewards, he changed his weary horse for a fresh one, and resumed his pursuit of the returning travellers, taking care to leave a sufficient interval between himself and them to preclude the possibility of old Barton's hearing of his tactics.

Meanwhile Alice, seated opposite her

stern and triumphant captor, was having a very bad time of it. He said but little, yet that little was more than enough; he had made up his mind to take her over to Ireland at once.

"And your aunt is a sharp woman; you won't find it easy to hoodwink her and keep up your correspondence with young Ferguson," he wound up.

Worn out, trembling and ashamed, Alice felt only a prevailing desire to hide herself from those steely eyes, and attempted no reply.

Mr. Barton had not closed his eyes during the journey north. Now that the strain was removed and the prize safely within his grasp, nature began at last to assert herself, and, to Alice's intense relief, he dozed until they reached York, near midnight. Here the prospect of a comfortable bed and a good supper was dangled before his eyes by the rubicund landlord of the posting-house, who came out bowing and smirking to suggest rest and refreshment.

The bait took. Accustomed to the pleasures of the table, Mr. Barton made a hearty meal and washed it down with more than one bumper of the best wine the inn afforded. After that, his weariness becoming intolerable, he gave an order to postpone the journey till the next morning, and declared that his niece and himself should be shown to their rooms.

But his vigilance did not relax. He took the precaution of locking Alice in her chamber and removing the key. The tired girl was too sad and crushed to remonstrate, though keenly indignant; but she could not sleep, weary as she was; she paced her room, wringing her hands and crying bitterly.

It was all over now. She had disgraced herself forever to no purpose. The shame of being baffled mingled with the agony of disappointment. The scheme entered into with such shrinking of heart had miscarried disgracefully; she could never face familiar eyes again. But then banishment entailed the loss of Frank; and all this in the very hour, as it seemed, of her victory. She flung herself into a seat and hid her burning, tear-stained face.

After a few minutes a low tapping at her chamber window startled her. She sprang up terrified.

"Hush! It is I, Frank, Alice!" said a low voice she knew. "Do not be frightened. Of course I am not coming in."

She ran to the window, which the chambermaid had left wide open under its chick, and there, mounted on a ladder, stood Frank, his face on a level with hers. You need not ask if their lips met.

"I knew the old man must give in some time. I have got everything ready," persevered Frank, still in the same low, hurried tones. "Your grandfather is asleep. The chambermaid has shut the shutters outside his window, so that he will think it is dark when he awakes, no matter how late it is. We have hours before us, Alice, and we won't be caught this time! Come with me at once, darling."

"I can't! I daren't! Oh, Frank, I am so ashamed, so wretched!" cried Alice, her head drooping on his breast.

He put his arm about her, which was always his manner of commencing an argument. And it is a good one—always given favorable circumstances. It holds the listener, and predisposes in a mesmeric manner to consideration of the question.

"What! you will go to Ireland? you will leave me forever? Not but that I would find you out and follow you, if you were at the other end of the world! But the wear, and tear, and worry is killing you, Alice; and it as well to end it sooner as later. Don't think of yourself; think of me. You can get lots of lovers in Ireland; I am told they are a most susceptible people where female attractions are concerned. But how can I ever marry a woman after having once won your love, Alice?"

"I think there is blarney enough over here without going to Ireland for it," said Alice, laughing in the midst of her tears.

"Now the struggle is all over, we have years to live on. I can never go back to Warwick to be the laughing stock of the country side. There is no danger. Your uncle will never be able to catch us up; we are on your the border, and we shall have to beg a sort of hook for that. Before he is up you will be my wife, and safe. No man on earth will have power to part us then!"

Half unwillingly, half resolvingly, Alice submitted to be coaxed on to the ladder, and carried down it.

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It was high morn next day before Mr. Barton awoke to the full consciousness of the double trick that had been played on him. The night seemed so long that he at last struck a match and looked at his watch.

The landlord, really innocent, and the chambermaid, as really an accomplice of the lovers, professed entire ignorance and the deepest sympathy.

But Mr. Barton knew it would only be injurious to his dignity to pursue a couple who had twelve hours start of him, for so short a distance; and unwilling to brave the derision of the Warwickshire people, he started on a tour of some weeks' duration.

Meanwhile Frank and Alice had returned home from Gretna as fast as horses feet could carry them, and were married at St. Mary's by special license immediately upon their reappearance; Mr. Chillingworth giving away the bride.

Mr. Barton made a great talk about having revised his will. But Alice protested herself quite regardless of his money, and soon after the birth of her first son she went to tell the old man that he was to be called after him, and invited him to stand sponsor at the christening.

Mr. Barton was beginning to feel very lonely, and accepted the olive branch. When he died, some years after, it was found that if he had ever destroyed any will he had never made another, and Alice inherited, as only relation, all that he had to leave.

The White Pigeon.

BY BEATRICE BAYLE.

TERRIBLE, indeed, was the fate which menaced the passengers and crew of the wrecked ship Hilda.

Lilla Brente, an orphan maiden, with her widowed aunt, had taken passage upon the Hilda, and her pretty face and winning ways had won a warm place for her in all hearts.

She had brought on board a white carrier pigeon, which had fluttered helplessly down at her feet some time before, maimed by a shot from an unskilful sportsman. A billet had been fastened under its wing, but its contents were in a tongue unfamiliar to those who perused it, and it would have been thrown carelessly away had it not been saved by Lilla.

She had nursed the bird back to health, and, although eventually meaning to again put the billet in its place under its pinion and send it forth into the realms of space, she had not yet schooled herself into parting with it. An indulgent relative had procured for Lilla a delicate chain of silver so that she could fasten it about one slender leg, and thus keep the bird a partial prisoner.

Lilla's courage and fortitude had been the one bright spot on board during the terrible hours of suspense which followed the fury of the storm which had wrecked the staunch ship.

No murmur came from her lips, and she refused to take more than just food enough to sustain life, saying that those who had the work of pumping and managing the maimed vessel needed it more than an idler like herself.

The sight of her gave the sailors courage. They felt that no craft would go down with such a freight on board.

But weary days passed without sign of succor; and, hungry and cold, their courage sank at last.

Lilla's cheeks were no longer like a rose. They rivalled her name. But her eyes seemed to grow brighter and clearer with each passing day.

One morning, with only a piece of biscuit between each nap and starvation, Lilla threw off the shyness which had thus far kept her silent on the subject, and said, "Let us all kneel down and pray together. We can surely say the Lord's Prayer, every one of us."

Then Lilla knelt down, her white dove upon her shoulder, and her cheeks gaining a little of their natural color in the elevation of the moment.

She commenced with the first words of that prayer—the most eloquent and comprehensive one in the whole world—and, without one exception, the other voices added their quota of sound; those who had forgotten it, or, it may be, had never known it, following after, word by word.

It was a solemn and touching scene, never to be forgotten by those who were participants in it.

After they had risen from their knees again, a sudden cry broke from Lilla's lips, and looking towards her, to the surprise of all, the cause was soon. The pet pigeon had broken a link of its detaining chain, and had fluttered off into the blue sky which arched above, in a seeming sunny mockery of their desolate state.

"My bird has deserted me!" was Lilla's pathetic cry. And tears, which suffering had failed to call to her eyes, filled them now.

"Don't cry, little one. You've kept up so far, and if you give way there's not a man of us but will blubber too. Don't set us a bad example now."

With a brave effort Lilla controlled herself. But she could not banish the sorrow for her bird out of her heart. She kept saying to herself, 'Now I can never do my duty and get to land.'

Strange that at such a time she could bear anything in mind but her own suffering! But so it was, and it added a keener pang to the loss of her pet.

But, marvelous to relate, when the noonday sun was glaring down upon the famished group, a white speck appeared in the sky, and, coming nearer, soon attracted attention. Then, in a few seconds, it came fluttering down, and, with a coo of content, alighted upon Lilla's shoulder.

It seemed to their wondering eyes like a spirit.

"It is a good omen!" was whispered around among them. "God has not forgotten us!"

And, inspired by this thought, the sailors again turned their dim eyes across the broad expanse of waters, to see if any sign of life should appear in sight.

Several hours went by, and then a dim shadow appeared in the distance. It grew larger and more distinct, and at last proved to be a brig bearing down towards them.

Oh, that the man on the look-out should see the signal raised by the distressed crew! The suspense was sickening, but at last, to a certainty, they were observed, for the brig paused and lowered her boats, which, manned by a competent crew, were soon propelled towards them. They were reached, after a time, and taken on board.

Now comes the wonderful part of my story.

The man at the wheel was steering in an entirely opposite direction from the one which would have brought his vessel to the relief of the shipwrecked crew, when a white bird flew against his face and fluttered its wings in such a way that the astonished sailor did not dare open his eyes while the assault continued.

This singular occurrence was witnessed by the captain, and being, like all sea-faring men, superstitious, he said: "It strikes me that there is a meaning in this. We must change our course."

Owing to this, the course of the brig was changed and by means of it many lives were saved, as we have seen.

After this Lilla's pet pigeon was, as is natural, considered a most wonderful bird, and was made the theme of talk for days after the rescue, while Lilla herself lay prostrated upon a bed of sickness. The reaction from despair to hope had done what her distress had been unable to do, and it was long before she was well enough to come upon deck.

When she did so she was but a shadow of her former self, but youth rallies quickly, and she soon was as merry and blooming as before.

The captain was quite an old man, and his heart warmed towards Lilla in a fatherly manner.

"I have a son at home," he said to her one day, "who would give his eyes for a pigeon like that," pointing to Lilla's pet, which was, as usual, perched on her shoulder. "He's so fond of studying into the ways of dumb creatures that he's good for nothing else. Not but he's made a good thing of it, for he is now a teacher in some department of a college which teaches such things. He corresponds with learned men all over the world, and I'm proud of him, if I do say it, who shouldn't. He is greatly taken up with this kind of carrier-pigeon, and a while ago he let an educated Indian take home one of his pet birds with the understanding that he should let it loose when he got home, and wing his way back, bringing my son a letter telling of his safe arrival. But Perry has never heard from him, or hadn't when I was home last time. He says most probable some accident happened on his homing trip."

"How long ago was it?" asked Lilla.

"It was about two years since."

"I found my pigeon lying almost wounded to death just about that time," said Lilla. "And he had got it tied on to it the strangest-looking writing on it I ever saw. I shouldn't wonder if it came from the East Indies; I will get the note and show you. I saved it, meaning to be honorable and let the pigeon take it to its proper owner when I could make up my mind to part with the pretty creature."

And Lilla put her bright lips to her pet's white breast with a loving gesture.

"Don't do anything of the kind. You've got an undoubted right to the bird. That would be an excess of honesty."

Lilla smiled at the captain's views regarding her intended restoration.

"Your advice agrees with my wishes, but I don't quite think it does with my conscience," she said. "But I will get the billet."

It proved to be as much of a puzzle to the captain as to Lilla. So they had to wait for its solution until land was reached.

That time quickly arrived, and Lilla was soon reunited with her relatives, who had almost given up all hope of welcoming her, thinking that the ship Hilda must have shared the fate of others which had been given up for lost.

One evening the captain called to see her accompanied by his second son, who was so shy and constrained in his manner that Lilla at first thought him uninteresting; but she found out her mistake before the call was over.

Once warmed to his subject, he lost the coldness which had at first seemed to chill Lilla.

The pet pigeon came in for his full share of interest, though he let it prove to be the only one he took no notice of.

The captain's son was able to translate the contents of the billet, which was written in one of the tongues which he had mastered. I will copy the translation, which had been undoubtedly penned in a spirit of youthful romance, by some young scholar in a foreign university, and fastened to a homing pigeon.

The writer little thought how like a prophecy the ensuing events would make it seem.

"[illegible]
Is like thy gleaming plumage white'
[illegible]
One with her comely her true knight!"

It has proved a true prophecy. Lilla and Perry are to be married in the spring.

OUR word dollar dates back to 1785, when a resolution was passed by Congress which provided that it should be the unit of money of the United States. Another resolution was passed August 5, 1875, providing that it should weigh 375.64 grains of pure silver. The mint was established in 1792, and was then required to coin silver dollars containing 371.25 grains of pure silver. This was due to the influence of Alexander Hamilton. No dollars were coined until 1794, and then irregular. They are now worth $100 each. Our coin was an adaptation of the Spanish piece of eight, a very popular coin wherever the Spaniards have been. The coin was called "piastre," meaning a flat piece of metal; it is synonymous with plaster. It is supposed that the Spaniards took the term "piastre" from the Italian "piastra," meaning a "chair," and called it by the name of "piastre." The word dollar is entered in Bailey's English Dictionary of 1745, and was used repeatedly by Shakespeare.

BE not in too great haste, but have patience.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It used to be a common saying that every road led to Rome. Here is a [illegible] road that leads to one of the many [illegible] of modern faddists, the complete abolition of vivisection. A Madrid paper proclaims itself anti-vivisectionist because, forsooth, "vivisection is a barbarous practice, which, having begun by cutting up animals, will end by mutilating living human beings. Unless something is done," continues this excellent print, "to hinder its spread, arms and legs will be sold by those in need, and painful operations will be the wretched fate of the poor. The day will even arrive when the spendthrift husband, coming home at night, will say to his wife, 'To-morrow Dr. Medialana will come and cut off your leg. I trust that you will not object. It is a great pity; but the fact is that I have lost your leg at cards!'" We have heard many anti-vivisectionist arguments, but never before one like this.

Here is a clever case of swindling which actually occurred lately in Paris. An itinerant musician, who carried under his arm a weather-stained violin, entered a provision shop in the Rue des Martyrs and bought a pound or two of cooked ham. Suddenly discovering that he was moneyless, he left his violin with the shopman, and ran home to get the trifling sum of which he was in need. During his absence a carriage drew up at the door, and a distinguished looking stranger, having alighted from it, entered the shop and ordered a large quantity of goods to be sent to "Lord Russell" at the Grand Hotel. While thus engaged he caught sight of the violin; picked it up with the air of a virtuoso; examined it very carefully; and finally offered to buy it for 1,000 francs. The shopman explained that the instrument was not his, but promised to see what could be done. The stranger then withdrew, and the ragged musician, who soon after returned with his money, gladly accepted 800 francs for his violin. The jubilant shopman thereupon put on his best clothes, and, taking his purchase, went to the Grand Hotel. But, alas! no "Lord Russell" was known at that hostelry; and the unfortunate provision dealer slowly awoke to the unpleasant fact that he had bought an entirely worthless violin for a considerable sum. Of course the vagabond and the "Lord" were allies. Neither was caught.

The Nihilistic faction in Russia was organized under the influence of the philosophy of Bakunin, who, in 1848, preached the doctrine of destruction. His theory was that society, as it existed, was, in belief, impulse, and habit, all wrong, and that reform was possible only after the existing state of things had been annihilated. He argued that all governments and all churches should be overthrown, and that society should be reconstructed on communistic principles. Under cover of this agitation the Nihilists entered politics, using assassination and menace to accomplish their ends. The extremists of this party are responsible for the assassination of the Czar and other acts connected therewith. They are known as "Terrorists," and aim at the destruction of all government. They are said to be comparatively few in number. The main body of the so-called Nihilists aims at a peaceful revolution [illegible] and establish a republic. [illegible] two factions are the Jesuits, who compromisingly favor of the present [illegible] government; the Slavophiles, who favor the ancient Russian government, when the land governed according to the counsels of the Assembly of Land Representatives; the Liberal party, represented by the late Czar, and the German and Polish parties. All of these are opposed to the Nihilists, and are practically united against them.

How the Presidents accumulated is shown in this paragraph: James Monroe died in New York insolvent. Buchanan left over $250,000. Martin Van Buren left $300,000. Adams was poor, but by his wise, able management, he never suffered want. James J. Polk left about $150,000. Fillmore left the White House a poor man, but by a [illegible] did not do as well; fifty thousand [illegible] was his limit, with no one to inherit it. Of the earlier Presidents, Washington was the wealthiest. At his death his estate was valued at $300,000. When Jefferson entered the White House he was a wealthy man, but he lost his property, and died insolvent. John Tyler went to the White House a poor man, but managed to save enough out of his salary to live in comfort. President Arthur was a very high feeder. He spent a great deal of money on his table, and managed to save nothing. Andrew Jackson was counted a rich man in his day. Mrs. Hayes ran the financial end of the house during Hayes' administration, and that she is a manager is proved by the amount saved out of his salary. Garfield was not in office long enough to save much money. He left about $40,000, and gifts Mrs. Garfield has received have made her a wealthy woman. Madison was wealthy when he became President, and left a handsome estate, which Mrs. Madison's son squandered, and left her a poor woman. Grant never saved much of salary, but the generous gifts of his friends made him independent. He lost his all in the Grant-Ward failure. The sale of his book has placed his wife in an affluent position.

SHADE trees that are being injured by insects will be benefited if sprayed with a solution of paris green.

Our Young Folks.

JAMIE'S PARTY.

BY M. S. HAYCRAFT.

GOOD-NATURED Jose Marina, the dark-eyed, brown-faced organ grinder, has been rather discouraged this morning. No one greets him with a friendly nod, no one seems pleased to see him or to hear his cheery tunes.

The children at Willoughby House, who are always waiting with smiling faces at the nursery window on Tuesday mornings, have gone away to the sea, and the nursery blinds are all drawn to-day.

And Jose's monkey—his merry little comrade—is unwell, and is being doctored at home, instead of climbing up to his master's shoulder or chattering away on area railings, and earning plenty of pennies.

Altogether this is one of Jose's bad days; for in one of the large houses in Derrington Square, a gentleman, busy reading, has been very much annoyed at sound of the music, and threatened to send for a policeman—a lady lying down with a headache at No. 1 sent out word he was to go away immediately—and spoilt Master Reggie at No. 6 screamed and kicked so passionately because the monkey is absent to-day, that Jose Marina felt quite sorry he had gone into the square at all.

He has only taken three pennies to-day; he is getting a little melancholy, and thinking of past days over the sea, when, in his home in Sicily, he lived among friends who did care about him, and made him feel he was of some use and value in this bright, busy world.

"Please, Mr. Organ-man, won't you come and play for my party?"

Jose does not understand much English, but he looks down to see a little scantily-clad, sun-burnt fellow of seven or eight years old, who eagerly pulls at his coat.

Jose can read the pleading in the boyish face, the dark, loving eyes—evidently the child wants to secure some music for his friends. There are poor dull courts and alleys very close even to these stately buildings in Derrington Square.

Can Jose spare a few minutes for the poor and penniless, or shall he push on at once to houses where his purse is likely to be increased?

"Me will come," says Jose, nodding and smiling down to the poor little waif. His heart is kind enough to understand that no moments are ever lost or wasted that are spent in making others glad.

"'Tis Baby Jenkins's birthday," explains Jamie. "Baby Jenkins is one year old, and I live with Mrs. Jenkins, I does, and I helps pay the rent. I hold hosses, and I helps sweep the mews, and I sells matches—and I most does everything. And 'cause it's Baby Jenkins's birthday, I got a 'sporth of hoky-poky, I did, and we've got a party in Tag's Court—there's the Crown girls, and Baby Jenkins, and Mrs. Jenkins, and Liz Williams, and her young brother Bob. We've shared the hoky-poky, and Mrs. Jenkins give us some suety pudding, and we've been playing cats and mice. But I heard you, Mr. Organ-man; and thinks I, we'll have a bit of a hop. Baby Jenkins ain't one year old every day, you know."

Jose Marina comprehended very little of all this excited chatter, but he follows the child through a number of turnings to Tag's Court—a close, warm alley, full of the homes of the poor.

Here Jenkins and his wife, as long as they have bread and shelter themselves, will care so far as they can for little Jamie Coles, who, but for their kindness would probably have been in the workhouse.

Jenkins is only a dock-laborer, and sometimes he cannot get work to do; but little Jamie picks up a few pennies here and there, and, by God's mercy, they have been saved from absolute starvation.

Jamie, in honor of baby's birthday, has had a bit of fried bread for breakfast to-day; yesterday he had only some dry crusts and a bit of turnip; he feels that this birthday is quite a festive occasion, and proud indeed are his looks as he ushers the organ-grinder into the court.

"We have no money for you," said Mrs. Jenkins, shaking her head.

But Jose only gives her a cheery nod, and turns the handle of his organ. Very soon Jamie's dancing party is proceeding vigorously. Baby Jenkins doing wonderful things in the way of coos and jumps.

As for Jamie, his face is grave and earnest—his wee chest heaves a moment—his eyes are wet as he turns them on Mrs. Jenkins, who is dancing her baby up and down.

"Do you hear what tune he's playing?" asks the child. "Mother did use to sing me that song when I were young. Don't you know what it is, Mrs. Jenkins?" and he opens his little mouth, and shouts at the top of his voice—

"Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn."

Merrily ring out some "children's quadrilles," and surely never was organ-grinder so cheered and honored before. In return for the music Alice Green brings Jose a bunch of clover—memorial of a mission hall "day in the country."

Bobby Williams gives him a marble, Jamie bestows on him a hug, and Baby Jenkins spares an affectionate kiss.

Jose Marina goes on his way richer in heart-gladness and the blessing of Heaven for the music that has echoed through the humble court.

Jamie follows Mrs. Jenkins back to her washing-tub, and nurses the little hero of the day.

"Mrs. Jenkins," says he wistfully, "don't you think it was strange the organ-man should play mother's tune? She used to sing it to me when I were a very little fellow; I remembers I had a pretty blue jacket in them there days, and sailor-buttons with anchors on. The folks give it to mother where she went washing. I thinks it's a real pretty tune, Mrs. Jenkins—

"'Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under a hay-cock fast asleep.'

"What's a meadow like, Mrs. Jenkins? and what's a hay-cock?" and the city child opened widely his earnest eyes.

"Ah, my dear! you'd have known if you could have got a ticket for the mission-room treat, but there's such a many children in this court, they can't take out all. A meadow's a great big place with buttercups and daisies, Jamie—all silver and gold; and as for the hay, that do smell sweet, I tell you. It's the beautiful dry grass that I played in when I was a gal. There ain't much look of the country here."

"I'd like to go there," says Jamie, drawing a long breath. "It's very hot in Tag's Alley, ain't it? Do you think God will let me see them daisies and buttercups if I ask Him?"

"Ay, laddie, if 'twould be good for you. He'll always do what is best. Now you take Albert Edward for a turn, 'cause I must give the place a scrub out."

Clasping the baby with the royal name Jamie sallies forth, longingly dreaming of the scented hay, the daisied meadows, the great big open places in the country, where there is room for everybody.

If he could only get there—to those beautiful fields! Suppose Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins can't get any more money, and have to tell him to go away? What is to become of him in this crowded, noisy city, where all that the policemen seem to say to a boy is "move on?"

"Oh, God," whispers Jamie's little heart, "show me the way to where the birds are singing and the fields are full of beautiful flowers."

Suddenly there is a cry. A rough fellow, pushing by little Jamie, has knocked the baby from his arms. The little one is almost under a horse's feet—Jamie springs forward to save Albert Edward, and is struck to the ground.

He remembers no more until his dim eyes unclose in a large, cool hospital ward, with a great jugful of wild flowers near his bed.

"Is this the country?" asks Jamie, quite feebly.

"No, dear child," somebody makes reply; "this is the Children's Hospital. You were hurt by a horse, you know, but the baby is safe."

Many strange faces are around the bed. How is it Jamie seems to see among them his mother's, and, beside her, one whose face is shining with tenderness unspeakable?

"Little Boy Blue come," murmurs little Jamie, his heart full of music and song. Presently he lifts up his little, weak, trembling hands. "Oh, the sweet, sweet, meadows!" he cries faintly, and then he seems to sink down, down, down. But the Gentle Shepherd hushes his pain, and gathers him in His arms to the fields everlasting.

THE RED WARBLER.

BY J. G.

DOWN at the end of a long lane leading from the village stood Seacroft Mill. There was a broad stream running past it, which wandered away through the fields and which fed the mill-pool, where one might hear the splash of the water-wheel almost all day, for the miller had plenty of work to do.

It was a very pleasant place, and one would think that any one might be contented there; but the miller's little daughter was by no means satisfied with her lot.

"I am so lonely," said Mabel to her mother; "I wish I had some one to play with. I'm so very tired of hearing the wheel go around and around, with no one to listen to it but myself."

"You needn't be lonely," answered her mother, "with all the ducks and poultry and pigeons to feed, and the kittens to look after."

"But I am," replied Mabel, as she strolled off into the fields to see if she could find some forget-me-nots on the banks of the stream.

Plenty of reeds and tall bulrushes grew there, but Mabel did not take any notice of them. If she had looked at them she would have seen amongst the tallest of them a curious nest, and near it a bird perched on one of the swaying rushes. It was singing a song, perhaps to its mate or the little ones in the nest.

But though Mabel did not look, some one else did—a boy, half hidden amongst the long grass, who, as Mabel drew nearer said—

"Hush! I'm watching it."

"Watching what?" asked Mabel.

"The bird," answered the boy. "Oh, dear, it's flown away now; but it will come back, for its nest is there."

"Do you like birds?" asked Mabel sitting down beside him.

"Yes; and now I am in the country I see them every day. Do you live near here?"

"Yes," replied Mabel; "I live at the mill."

"The mill! A real mill? How happy you must be!"

"No; I am not."

The boy looked up at her.

"Not happy in the country?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have no one to play with."

"I would play with you," said the boy, "but I am very lame. I have come into the country to see if I can get stronger, and though I can manage to get along better than I did with the crutches, still I soon get tired."

"What were you watching when I came up?" asked Mabel.

"A bird amongst the reeds and rushes. I think it must be a reed-warbler, for they build in marshy places. But I have never seen even a picture of one, or I should be quite sure. I have a book at home with pictures of birds in it."

"Where is your home?"

"In a great town called Letherstone, miles and miles away. But I'm staying in a cottage in the village street now, and when I am better I stroll out into the fields."

"I wonder if you could get as far as the mill?"

The boy's face grew bright with pleasure.

"Oh! I would try," said he. "I have never seen a real mill. How far is it?"

"Two fields off."

Slowly the boy raised himself, and steadied himself on his crutches.

"I will try," he said.

So the two set off towards the mill. The boy got very tired once or twice, and lay down on the grass to rest. Then he went on again.

Presently they came to the last stile.

"I cannot get over," said the boy sadly.

But just then Mabel caught sight of her father.

"Father! father!" she shouted. "A lame boy has come to see the mill, and he can't get over the stile."

"We'll soon manage that," said the miller, taking the boy up in his strong arms.

"Here, wife," said the miller, "I've brought a visitor. He must have a good rest, and a cup of new milk, and then he shall see over the mill."

So the boy was seated in a great arm-chair, and made as comfortable as possible, and was soon chatting to Mabel and her mother as if he had known them all his life.

"And so you come from Letherstone?" said the miller's wife. "I had a cousin living there long ago. Perhaps you might have heard the name Marsland—Arthur Marsland?"

"Why, that's my name," answered the boy, "and my father's name too!"

"Your father! why, what strange things do happen! Here, father, father, only think: this is my cousin Marsland's lad. Dear, dear! I haven't seen Arthur since he was married. To think of Mabel finding him in the fields! Well, Mab, you've got a playmate at last, for Arthur shall come and stay here as long as he pleases."

"I am going to stay a week longer," said Arthur, "and I shall like being here."

"A week! Nonsense!" said the miller's wife. "You're not half strong yet. You ought to stay another six weeks at least. I shall write to cousin Marsland and tell him so."

And the miller's wife wrote; and in the course of a day or two Arthur's father came to the mill. He was intending to take a holiday and fetch his son home; but now he took a holiday and paid a visit to his newly-found cousins. He was easily persuaded to leave Arthur at the miller's for another six weeks, which he could not help agreeing would do him all the good in the world.

And so it did.

Arthur soon went about more easily with his crutches, and there was even a hope that he might do without them altogether.

How happy he was, helping to feed the poultry and the pigeons; and how soon the pigeons came to know him, and would flutter down whenever he appeared.

And he and Mabel roamed together through the fields and woods, and found all sorts of curious flowers and mosses and birds and living creatures that Mabel had never heard of before, for though Arthur was a town boy, he knew a great deal about birds and animals.

"But I shall always like the reed-warbler best, Arthur," said Mabel, "for perhaps if you had not stopped to watch it I should never have found you."

WILLY'S LESSON.

BY MABEL F. WILSON.

WHEN I was a little girl I had no brothers or sisters, and I lived half the year in the country and the other half in the city.

I had everything I wanted, and I really fear, on looking back to those days, that I was a very spoilt little girl. I am afraid I never thought much of what other people wished, but always in the first place of myself.

Papa and mamma loved me so much—partly perhaps, because several of my little brothers and sisters had died when they were babies—that they could scarcely see any fault in me, and could not bear to thwart me in anything.

I had a very nice governess, and on the whole I enjoyed my lessons, but there was one thing I did not enjoy, and that was—practising.

It wasn't that I was not fond of music, for I really did like it very much, and loved to sit and listen to mamma playing in the evening after dinner.

It was actual laziness that made me dislike practising, and every time I sat down to the piano with my Exercise Book before me, I used to long to tear it into scraps and never see it again.

I liked having new pieces, and thought them very pretty when Miss Schuman played them over to me; but from the moment she began marking the fingering and asking me how many crochets or quavers there were in the bar, and what key the piece was in, I began to dislike it as much as the exercises.

I don't quite remember how long this state of things had been going on, but I am sure I had learnt music for three or four years, when something happened, as you will see, that made me really begin to try to practice properly, and at the same time made me feel dreadfully ashamed of all the years that I had wasted since I began to learn music.

One morning mamma told me that she was going to take me with her to see a large Ragged School, in a very poor part of London.

It was a bitterly cold day. As we drove along the streets I remember, as I looked out of the carriage window, noticing among other things a group of wretched little boys warming their hands before a small charcoal stove belonging to a man who was selling roasted chestnuts, and I wondered to myself in my ignorance if the children we were going to see could possibly look as poor and ragged as they did.

When we got to the school I was surprised to find that the people there seemed to know mamma quite well, for I had thought that this was the first time that she had visited it.

Afterwards mamma told me that she had often been there, but had thought that I would not care to go with her, and that perhaps it would not be good for me to see so much poverty and misery, even among quite little boys and girls.

But some one having spoken about the proper way of bringing up children, showing them a little of the other side of life, not too much of the sweet, and too little of the bitter, had made mamma think of taking me with her that afternoon.

We were shown all over the huge school-rooms, and I shall never forget the feelings which seemed for the first time to be awakening in my heart as I looked at the hundreds of little ragged creatures around me.

I had been so busy watching all the children that I had not heard what mamma and the matron had been talking about, till turning to me the latter said

"You know, miss, we have been most anxious to get up a kind of entertainment for the children at Christmas, and as we cannot afford to pay anything, we are trying to get some friends kindly to come to sing and play. Would you, miss, be so good as to help too, by playing one or two bright cheery pieces? The children would so enjoy it, and I am sure the pleasure you would give them would amply repay the trouble of coming all this long way."

What could I answer? I could barely play two or three bars of the simplest piece without breaking down—I, who during all these years had never practised for ten minutes without jumping up to look out of the window, or peep at a story-book, or do anything under the sun rather than go on playing!

I shall never forget, all my life, how miserably ashamed and mortified I felt, how my cheeks burned, and how it seemed to me that every one was looking at me and wondering why I did not answer.

For the first time in my life I felt really conscience-stricken, and wished from the bottom of my heart that I might run away and hide myself, and never see or be seen by any one again.

At last I managed to blurt out, in a very low indistinct voice, that I could not play at all. After which the matron, seeing my discomfiture though not exactly understanding the cause of it, turned back to mamma and began speaking about something else.

In a short time mamma said we must go, so I said "good-bye" and followed her into the carriage. The drive home seemed exceedingly long, and when mamma asked me in a gentle but rather disappointed tone if I did not think that I could play some little thing at the Ragged School entertainment, I could bear it no longer, but burst into tears.

From that afternoon I really began to try to make progress with my music, and although at first it was rather difficult to get out of all my lazy habits whilst practising, after a few months it became gradually more and more easy, and at the next entertainment at the Ragged School, the following Christmas, I was able to play two pieces quite correctly. They were simple pieces, and my cheeks burned with pleasure and pride, instead of shame, when the kind matron thanked me, and the little children clapped their hands; and best of all, mamma, dear mamma, kissed me softly when no one was looking, and said—"Won't papa be pleased when he hears of it, Milly darling?"

Miss Parvenue—"You must promise me one thing, maw." Mrs. Parvenue—"Certainly, my pet. What?" Miss Parvenue—"Do not let August—I mean Mr. Snobson see you till after he proposes." Mrs. Parvenue—"Huh! why not?" Miss Parvenue—"Because, maw, at 25 a girl cannot afford to take chances."

WOODEN SHOES, whose chief value is that they are so cheap that nothing can be obtained on them in the pawnshops, though they are serviceable enough for the purpose, are now given to poor children in London.

BY THE SEA.

BY PEARL RIVERS.

Over the bay the sunset
Broods with a tender glow,
And out of the clouds of opal
Pictures of magic grow.

The waves that are softly breaking
Their hearts on the sandy shore,
Seemeth in sound and motion
Not waves, but a something more.

A something that makes me restless
In spite of the soothing calm—
The sob of a heart forsaken,
The sighing soul of a palm—

And I am no longer a woman,
Weary and patient and sad;
But a light hearted girl, as ready
As birds are to sing and be glad.

I sit on the beach my own true love
Speaks low, lest the waves should know:
"The tide is at ebb, my darling,
The love in my heart at flow."

I sail on the bay and my true love
Sails in the boat with me;
"Wherever life's currents take us,
Remember I sail with thee."

Ah! I am dreaming; to-morrow
The waves will be waves again;
And I? I will be a woman,
Patient to bear my pain.

SCOLDS AND MARRIAGE.

In Leicester, England, in common with many other places, scolds were ducked in the river; and there is still preserved in the museum of that town a "cucking chair," in which these wives were seated while undergoing the punishment. Rough music to the scolds was the custom of some villages.

So recently as 1860, at a village in the South of England, when a man was shut out of his house by a termagent wife, the boys and young men dressed up an effigy of the woman, imprisoned it in the pond for a time, and then burned it before her door.

Brand, in his "History of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," states that in the time of the Commonwealth scolds were punished with the "brank." In the museum at Oxford one of these curious articles is now exhibited in an excellent state of preservation. This "brank" was a sugar-loafed cap, made of iron hooping, with a cross at the top, and a flat piece projecting inwards to lay upon the tongue. It was put upon the heads of scolds, pad-locked behind, and had a string annexed by which a man led them through the town.

This form of punishment appears more recent than the "cucking chair." The whirligig was formerly a very common punishment for trifling offences by sutlers, brawling women and such offenders—a kind of circular wooden cage turning on a pivot, and when set in motion whirled around with such amazing velocity that the delinquent soon became extremely sick.

An old writer says of the same punishment: "The way of punishing scolding women is pleasant enough. They fasten an arm-chair to the end of two beams, twelve to fifteen feet long, and parallel to each other, so that these two pieces of wood, with their two ends, embrace the chair, which hangs between them upon a sort of axle; by which means it plays freely, and always remains in the natural horizontal position in which a chair should be, that a person may sit conveniently in it whether you raise it up or let it down. They set up a post upon the bank of a pond or river, and over this pond they lay almost 'in equilibrio' the two pieces of wood, at one end of which the chair hangs just over the water; they place the woman in this chair, and so plunge her into the water as often as the sentence directs, in order to cool her immoderate heat."

Leaving scolds for a time, we find that it is a custom, and a very good one too, among certain tribes in Siberia, that, when a woman is married, she must prepare the wedding dinner with her own hands. To this feast all the relations and friends, both of her own family and of that of the bridegroom, are invited. If the viands are well cooked, her credit as a good housewife is established; but if the dishes are badly prepared she is disgraced for ever. The result is that a Siberian wife is generally a good housekeeper.

Something akin to this custom was formerly practised in rural places. When the process of pancake-making was commenced—usually at about eleven o'clock—the domestics of the place assembled to engage in the art of "tossing the pancake," as the idea was entertained that no woman was qualified for the connubial state without being skilled in the art.

A parliamentary decree under Louis the Fifteenth of France, solemnly enacts, "that any female person found guilty of enticing any of His Majesty's male subjects into the bonds of matrimony by means of red and white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, high-heeled shoes, etc., shall be indicted for witchcraft and declared unfit for marriage."

In England, several centuries back, every woman marrying was to pay to the King, if a widow, twenty shillings; if a maid, ten shillings.

Among ecclesiastical punishments meted out to married men and women at the ancient Archdeacons' Court, we find one man bringing judgment upon himself for "marieing his wife in their parrish church in her mask:" and another for "that the day he was marryed he dyd blowe oute the lightes about the altar and wolde suffer no lightes to bourne."

A third was punished for "not treating his wife with affectioun;" and another "for cheening his wife to a post and slandering his neighbours." A woman was dealt with for "comyng to be churched without kercher, midwife, or wyves," or not "as other honest women; but comyng in her hatt, and a quarter about her neck."

Madame Greville tells us that in Russia women are not regarded as the equals of men. "The peasant," she says, "expects his wife to plough, to harvest, to work like a beast of burden. This would be comparatively nothing if they were well treated and loved. Their husbands do love them, but in a peculiar fashion. For the first two or three days after the wedding, things go on very well, that is, while the families are exchanging their visits. After that, the husband beats his wife; and, if he does not beat her, she thinks it is because he does not love her."

In support of this Madame Greville, quotes the following instance: "Once, when I was there, a girl who had been married only ten days, came to me with her mother and begged me to use my influence with the newly-made husband. They wanted me to make him beat the girl, according to her situation as a wife. It was a long time before I understood the reason. I discovered that it was founded on jealousy. If a husband is not jealous, he does not beat his wife; and if he is not jealous, he does not love her."

Grains of Gold.

We are martyrs to our own faults.

Every one must think in his own way.

Good nature is one of the grandest of virtues.

A defect will more quickly take the eye than a merit.

Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

Each day brings to us all some opportunity of doing good.

Blowing is not playing the flute; you must use your fingers.

A great mistake: To hold oneself too high, and rate oneself too cheap.

The more you murmur against your cross, the greater its burden will be.

A sympathy with the pains and pleasures of others is the foundation of our social virtues.

Narrow minded people have not a thought beyond the sphere of their own vision.

To strike or punish a child when you are angry is a far greater offence against God than blasphemy.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, and insuperable ones to the vain.

By the time we are shorn of our bad, foolish, or loaferish habits, there is but little left of some of us.

Humility, sweet as it may be as a trait of of character, may degenerate into vice, if not upheld by self-respect.

The man who has things his own way is not so happy as he who studies the way of others, to walk in the best.

When a peach tree has more fruit than it can ripen, it quietly drops the weakest, as a man should drop his bad habits in order to ripen the good.

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.

The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests; just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts.

Femininities.

Green walnut-shell juice is the simplest form of hair dye.

The divided skirt seems to gain no ground in conservative England.

The jubilee cake offered to the Queen weighed half a ton. She took it.

In addition to other purposes, horsehair is woven into crinoline for ladies' bonnets.

Very young English women are adopting long eyelashes and an affectation of simplicity.

The weapons of women.—Sweetness and submission are the most powerful weapons of women.

A Florida woman has made a bed quilt containing 16,000 pieces, each less than the size of an average thumb-nail.

A New York cynic is of the opinion that many a woman never sheds a tear unless her dressmaker spoils her dress.

It is the fashion in England to dispense with envelopes for letters, the latter being folded and sealed as in the old days.

"Give a woman a looking glass, and a few sugar plums and she will be satisfied," remarks one of our famous poets.

A Mrs. Bronson, of Baxter Springs, Kansas, has become famous through loneliness incident to life on a prairie farm.

In Syracuse, Kansas, the City Council is composed entirely of women. Result, clean streets and sidewalks in good repair.

A loving act does more good than a fiery exhortation. What mankind needs is not more good talkers, but more good Samaritans.

A Maryland lady defends herself for the size of her bustle by saying that she isn't responsible for what goes on behind her back.

A dressmaker in Portland, Oregon, got mad at a neighbor in the room beneath, and, cutting a hole in the floor, doused the other woman while in bed with hot water.

In everything that women write, there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also, to a certainty, always a charm never to be found in the letters of men.

Florence Dunn, the little London girl, who received a ring from the Queen's hand for not missing a day at school for seven years, is an Irish lassie from Tipperary.

A new mode of hair dressing is Chinese fashion, combed perfectly smooth up to the top of the head, then twisted into a coil on one side, with a large comb, specially made, on the other.

Woman trusts to her intuitions rather than to her reason, but her intuitions lead her astray when they make her afraid of the thunder rather than the lightning during a thunder-storm.

The first and most pathetic selection in the scrap book of a young woman who was divorced after three months of married life, is a poem entitled "Ring the Happy Marriage Bells," written in honor of her wedding.

About the most beautiful thing in nature is a fine old elm tree, and yet you never heard of a young man asking even the finest of elm trees to go with him to a party or for a moonlight drive in a narrow seated buggy.

Those words, "I give myself to thee," uttered by an Arab woman to a man, even without the presence of witnesses, if they cannot be easily procured, render her his lawful wife, if he replies that he accepts her and gives her a dowry.

The following is the copy of an advertisement which appeared in a country paper: "Made their escape—a husband's affections. They disappeared immediately on seeing his wife with her hands and face unwashed at breakfast."

"You mustn't call me a saleslperson!" said a pretty shop-girl, bridling, to a rather elderly co-worker. "Then you shouldn't have told Mr. Crash that it was very appropriate putting me at the remnant counter!" was the indignant reply.

Do nothing in thy passion. Why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm? If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it; avoid, therefore, all occasions of falling into wrath; or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

Pet dog's dress fashions are now out. To protect the canine darling from cold sea breezes there is either the "bain de mer" coat, in coffee coloured batiste, richly embroidered, or the "matelote," made in navy-blue serge, trimmed with red, and a proper sailor collar turned over the back.

An infallible method of quieting babies is as follows: As soon as the squaller awakes, set it up, propped by a pillow if it cannot sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick treacle; then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep.

Siebenkas, an eminent German scholar, having finished reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who appeared to be listening with bated breath and eyelids cast down, closed the book with inward satisfaction at the completion of his labors, only to hear the sharer of his joys exclaim: "My dear, pray don't put on your left stocking to-morrow—I see there's a hole in it."

"Tell me," he whispered, with the hoarseness of emotion, whispered if he feared the murmuring surf might catch the question and bear it to some other ears. "Tell me, have you ever loved?" She trembled. She hesitated for a moment, and he thought he felt her blushes glow into his eyes. She trembled, and in a still, soft whisper, gentle as the summer breeze, answered: "Not this summer."

Married folks might be happier if men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for them when sweethearts. If both parties remembered that they were married for worse as well as for better. If there were fewer silks and velvet dresses costumes, and more plain, tidy, house dresses, and street ones too, for that matter. If there were fewer "please darlings" in public, and more polite manners in private.

Masculinities.

Maine has a one-legged bicyclist.

Mistakes are the landmarks in a man's life.

There are 672 colored preachers in the city of Raleigh, N. C.

Man is a bundle of contradictions, tied together with fancies.

"What to teach our daughters" was written by an old bachelor.

White hairs are like the sea foam which caps the waves after a storm.

If a man repents he don't have to try to believe; it comes of itself.

The superior man wishes to be slow in his words and earnest in his conduct.

The Italians have a proverb, "The man whom God loves not, loves not music."

A minister may not be a brakeman, but he does a great deal of coupling all the time.

The proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks that he gets as much as he deserves.

Young monkey is said to have something of the flavor of rabbit, but "is immeasurably superior to it."

No man can realize how easy it is to pass the contribution box around and forget to chip in until he tries it.

By the fall of drops of water by degrees a pot is filled. Let this be an example for the acquisition of knowledge and virtue.

Mr. Woodhouse, of Binghampton, N. Y., has recovered $500 damages from a man who persisted in calling him Mr. Woodshed.

A snob is that man or woman who is always pretending to be something better—especially richer or more fashionable—than he or she really is.

Men talk as if they believed in God, but they live as if they thought there were none; their vows and promises are no more than words, of course.

They are the most frivolous and superficial of mankind, who can be much delighted with that praise which they themselves know to be altogether unmerited.

An old clergyman once said o a parishioner who was very angry at one of his neighbors: "There is no use getting mad so long as the same man has to get over it."

A Delaware man rolled off his veranda to the ground, a distance of 21 inches, to make fun for the baby, and the third time he tried it he broke his neck and left the baby fatherless.

An ice man in New York is said to have answered, when asked to explain what he meant by saying that it would be better for the public if the ice men had better wages: "Weigh your own ice and see."

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall feel rest, thy mind shall not reproach thee.

Luminous cards are now not unusual, and the reader may not be surprised, at some future time, to find himself able to read his newspaper at night, without other light than its brilliant pages will reflect.

"My dear old friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune?" "By a very simple method. When I was poor I made out that I was rich, and when I got rich I made out that I was poor."

Twenty eight unmarried women reside in Garfield county, Col.; also 1000 unmarried men. All the men can't get a wife from among the 28, and it probably puzzles the women to make a choice from among the 1000.

A deacon of Seymour, Ind., has been expelled from the church for declaring his belief that the world is one million years old, and that it is likely to stand for another million before the judgment day comes.

The losses or poverty of British landlords are attested weekly by frequently ten, sometimes twenty, columns of advertisements in the Times of sales of estates, town mansions and contents, libraries and jewels.

An ungrateful tramp, who was taken in by a Chicago woman from a drenching rain storm, given his supper and then provided a comfortable place to sleep the night, was counted among the missing in the morning, and so was the sofa on which he had rested.

The wife of Francis M. Kellar, of Shelbyville, Ill., had six toes on each foot and an extra finger on each hand. Three of the children born to them had the same striking features, and he began to hate her. He treated her with great brutality, and wound up a few days ago by beating her to death with a skillet.

Down in Ralls county, Mo., a young woman in front of a farmhouse waved her hand at a traveler on a passing train, and in three days they were married. Now every unmarried woman in the county on that line of road wave their hands at each train that passes, and some have been known to travel ten miles on foot to try their luck.

Dean Swift's "Battle of the Books" was illustrated the other day by two lawyers who quarreled in a court-room at Atlanta, Ga. One of them threw a copy of the Revised Statutes at the other, who in turn made an impression on his assailant with the Bible. Law books, ink bottles, inscillage pots and spittoons followed, until the supply of ammunition was exhausted and the combatants were separated.

A youngster in a neighboring town, who had gone on a pleasure trip by his father's consent, suddenly broke out crying, and when asked what the matter was said: "Mamma will whip me." An effort was made to soothe him by explaining that so long as his father knew he had come his mother would not scold him for coming without saying anything to her about it. This hardly satisfied the little fellow, who whimpered in reply: "Papa isn't the boss!"

Recent Book Issues.

"Dennis Day, Carpet-Bagger; or the Story of Mary," by Mrs. George E. Spencer, has nothing to recommend it. It is unhealthy, untimely, un-American and un-Christain. If fiction only, it is fiction put to a dirty purpose, and if the truth, wholly or partly, it is truth that will not now make the world the better or happier in the telling. Dillingham, publisher, New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"The Mystery of Bar Harbor," bp Alsop Leffingwell, is a melodramatic romance of France and Mt. Desert. The hero falls madly in love with a princess, abducts and transports her to Bar Harbor, and there in disguise seeks to win her as his wife. We are not informed that he succeeds, but are told to "wait and hope," and are given to understand that a surprising sequel is forthcoming. The story is entirely original and sufficiently thrilling. Dillingham, publisher, New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The pretty frontispiece of the August *St. Nicholas*, by Mary Hallock Foote, illustrates some bright verses by Edith M. Thomas, and the illustrator turns author in a charming sketch of Rocky Mountain life, called an "Idaho Picnic." George Wharton Edwards writes and illustrates a capital sea story entitled "The Figurehead of James Starbuck." "A Great Battle in a Forest" is the title given to Gen. Adam Badeau's account of the Confederate victory at Chancellorsville. There is a pleasant sketch of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." C. F. Holder tells "How Some Animals Become Extinct," and in the "Ready for Business" paper George J. Manson gives his views on "Journalism." There are short stories by Nora Perry, H. H. Boyesen and others; instalments of the serial, a "Brownie" paper, poetry and many other good things in this number. The Century Company, publishers, New York.

The Jubilee season in London, and the excitement of the public mind over the Queen's fiftieth anniversary of her reign, are represented by two articles in the current number of *The Eclectic*: "Victorian Literature," and "The Progress of Thought in Our Time." "Oxford in the Middle Ages," is a peculiarly interesting study of university life in the olden time. Algernon Charles Swinburne has a powerful poem on the Jubilee. Andrew Lang has some sensible words to say on Literary Plagiarism, and James Keith, in a paper entitled "Our Great Competitor," studies the future of the United States. Mr. Gladstone attacks some of the conclusions in Mr. Lecky's last volume of "England in the Eighteenth Century." The papers entitled "Russia as the Enemy of English Trade," and "The Origin and Interpretation of Myths," are, in their respective lines, highly suggestive and interesting. There are several other articles, including a story of Virginia life, entitled "Marse Dab after the War," from "Blackwood." E. R. Pelton, publisher, New York.

The Magazine of American History for August comes to the front, as usual, with charming and instructive articles. The leading paper is an account of the "Presentation of the Arctic ship *Resolute* to the Queen of England by the President of the United States," in the year 1856, written by Dr. Fessenden N. Otis, secretary of the expedition. The presentation scene is given not only in the graphic language of an eye-witness, but through an exact copy of the famous historic painting in Sydenham Palace, made at the time by direction of the Queen. "The First Newspaper West of the Alleghanies," is the second article. A shorter paper is "The 'Latrobe Corn-Stalk Columns' in the Capital at Washington." This is followed by the "Origin of the Federal Constitution." "Indian Land Grants in Western Massachusetts," is excellent. The editor adds a pleasant chapter, "A Love Romance in History." Among the contributors to the varied departments are some of the leading writers of the time. Published at 743 Broadway, New York. Subscription price, $5 a year in advance.

WORKING WOMEN.—It cannot be gainsaid that under the existing order of things, every year a greater number of refined and intelligent young women must earn their own living. Two concessions on their part are equally necessary to their material success and peace of mind. One is that they shall be willing to step outside the overcrowded ranks of teachers, of whatever sort, of incompetent authors, and decorative artists, of copyists, saleswomen or clerks, and courageously accept some vocation where there is still room, or find a new place for themselves. The other is that they shall abandon the foolish notion that they can be happy only in one way, or under one set of conditions, when there are fifty other ways in which they may be happy, or at least steadfast and cheerful. Undoubtedly, women who set out to earn their own living, do undergo more annoyances and mortifications than men. They are more sensitive to slights and rebuffs. They are also unwilling to be identified with their work, as men are identified with theirs. If they would congratulate instead of pity themselves that they have to work, half of their fancied disabilities would vanish in thin air.

THREE clergyman belong to a fire company of Cambridge, N. Y., and one of them is its foreman.

COURTING IN RUSSIA.

THE first Whit Sunday after the young girl is acknowledged by her mother to be of marriageable age, she is taken to the St. Petersburg Summer Garden to join the "bridal promenade."

This consists of the daughters of the Russain tradesmen walking in procession, followed by their parents. Up and down they go, pretending to chat with each other, and to take no notice of the young men—the tradesmen's sons, dressed in their best clothes—who walk in another procession on the other side.

However, every now and then some young fellow slips out of his proper rank, and adds himself to the line of girls on the other side, speaking to one particularly.

The parents of the girl join in the conversation in a few moments, and soon they leave the promenade and are joined by the parents of the young man.

On the next day a female friend calls on the girl's parents, and requests her hand. This granted, all the relations on both sides meet, and argue about the portion to be given with the girl. If that is not satisfactory, all is at an end; if it is what is expected, the betrothal takes place.

The bride and bridegroom kneel down upon a big fur mat, and the bride takes a ring off her finger and gives it to the bridegroom, who returns the gift by another.

The bride's mother meanwhile crumbles a piece of bread over her daughter's head, and her father holds the image of his daughter's patron saint over his future son-in-law's well-brushed head.

As they rise, the bridesmaids sing a wedding song. The guests each bring forward a present of some sort. Wine is handed about and someone says it is bitter and needs sweetening.

Upon this the bridegroom kisses the bride—the sweetness being supposed to be provided by this kiss—salutes the company and takes his leave, on which the bridesmaids sing a song.

Courting time has now began. Every night the lover comes to his lady's home with a present, generally cake or sugar-plums.

He makes love under rather awkward circumstances, for the bridesmaids sit about the betrothed pair in a circle, singing songs descriptive of their happiness.

The last evening of the courtship is enlivened by the presentation of the gifts of the bridegroom—which must include brushes, soap, and perfumery.

On receiving these the bridesmaids instantly carry the bride away, and wash her, and dress her hair, and perfume her pocket-handkerchief.

Thus togched up, she returns to the company, and the bride's father gives his future son-in-law the marriage portion, which he takes home with him in a neat bag.

The next morning he returns for the lady herself. She receives him with her hair unbraided and flowing down her back.

They are married by the ceremonies of the Greek Church, and the old folks never go to the wedding-dinner. The trying day closes by the bride kneeling down and pulling off her husband's boots, to prove her intention to be an obedient and submissive wife.

After the wedding-day the parents begin to give feasts, and keep it up a week; and it is not until all this is over that the young couple see those blessed bridesmaids take their departure. They are then compelled to kiss them, thank them, and give them a present.

FACTS ABOUT CANDY.

Close to molasses candy come chocolate drops, caramels and other candies in which sugar and chocolate or plain flavors are the ingredients. The candies on which there is the least profit in proportion to the selling price are those which sell high. The best confectioner's sugar costs but little over six cents a pound, and the best grades of molasses are not dear. They and a little flavoring make molasses candy, and that is why there is so much profit in it.

There is another particular besides good grades of molasses or sugar and flavoring that makes a big difference in the quality of candy, and would account for the superiority of some candy over others—that is the quality of the butter. Cheap confectioners do not use butter at all. There are plenty of substitutes for it, but none answers entirely.

One of the best known candy men, who has built up a large business, starting from a small taffy shop, thinks that his use of fifty-cent butter in his molasses candy has done more to build up his trade reputation than anything else. He gives as the keynote of candy success—"pure materials, fruit sirups and fine butter."

The main expense in running a candy store is rent and clerk hire. The rent of a leading store runs from $2,500 a year to $18,000, and one or two may be over that. The rent on a pound of candy costs almost as much as the sugar. The clerk hire is large in amount, as the candy trade is not steady, but depends on the weather and hours of the day.

A fine afternoon will crowd the store and work every clerk, while on rainy days they have nothing to do but watch the flies. The clerks are almost all girls, and get from $6 to $13 a week, with a forewoman at $15 or $18. The clerk hire of an up-town store is a little more than the rental usually, though there is one place that pays as much rent as clerk hire.

As much candy of the best grades is sold in summer as in winter, if not more. The candy stores down-town do a big summer business, as business men buy candy there for their wives out of town, and young clerks send a box every little while to their girl who is off at some summer resort. In the winter the bulk of the trade is by the women themselves, who cause more trouble than the men, and do not buy so much of the highest price. When a man is buying candy he asks for the best, while a woman prices the candies as she does everything else.

A woman's candy store can always be told from a man's candy store, by noticing whether there is a soda-water fountain and some tables to sit down at. A man does not go to a candy store but to a drug store for whatever soda water he may want, while a women prefers a candy store to have a soda and ice cream attachment.

Some of the candy stores are accused of running liquor attachments in the back room reserved for ice cream tables, but as men do not go there a male reporter has no way of finding out except by hearsay whether there is a secret for men in the guise of an ice cream parlor.

The very best paid man in a candy establishment is the designer of new candies. His pay is $50 or $60 a week, while the foreman of the factory only receives $30 or $40. There is always a demand for new candies with new names. Each new thing invented has its run of popularity for a little while, and then is succeeded by something else. The candy man who puts the most taking novelties on the market at the right time is the one who makes money.

There is a constant demand not only for new candies but new flavors and designs in old stand-bys. Molasses candy is as old as any form of confectionery, yet there are new flavors and forms of it appearing every little while, and caramels and chocolates continually turn up with some French name prefixed to them. A man who can invent such things is worth money, and is rare.

FACES OF THE DEAD.—When we got into the intrenchment (says the author of "Recollections of a Private") a man, a few files to my left, dropped dead, shot just above the right eye. He did not groan or sigh or make the slightest physical movement, except that his breast heaved a few times. The light went out of his face instantly, leaving it without a particle of expression. It was placid, and as the facial muscles contracted it took many shapes. When the man's body became cold and his face hardened, it was horribly distorted, as though he had suffered intensely. Any person who had not seen him killed would have have said that he had endured extreme agony before death released him. A few minutes after he fell another man, a little further to the left, fell with apparently a precisely similar wound. He was straightened out and lived for over an hour. He did not speak, but simply lay on his back, while his broad chest rose and fell, slowly at first, and then faster and faster, and more and more feebly until he was dead. And his face hardened until it was almost terrifying in its painful distortion. I have seen dead soldiers' faces which were wreathed in smiles; and heard their comrades say that they had died happy. I do not believe that the face of a dead soldier, lying on a battle-field, ever truly indicated the mental or physical anguish or peacefulness of mind which he suffered or enjoyed before his death. The face is plastic after death, and as the facial muscles cool and contract they draw the face into many shapes. Sometimes the dead smile; and again they stare with glassy eyes and lolling tongue, and a dreadfully distorted visage looks at you. It goes for nothing! One death may have been as painless as the other.

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The same, a little narrower, a little coarser, 45 to 65 cents.

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Albatross, the same, 50 cents to $1.

Crocodile Cottons, very light and very rough, 25 cents from 50.

Pure Silk Gloves, all the new shades, 38 cents.

Suede Gloves, 4-button, embroidered, 63 cents.

Mousquetaire Suede Gloves, 8-button, plain, 75 cts embroidered $1.

Black Satin Parasols, $1.50, worth $2.

Good Black or Colored Satin Parasols, $1.25.

Cashmere Shawls, fine and soft; cream, cardinal, blue, or pink, $1.25 up.

Shoes for Seaside, Mountain or Tennis. Knobbly Rubber bottoms, light canvas tops. Buff, gray or black, $1 to $3.

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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

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RADWAY & CO.—*Gentlemen:* Your Pills have often warded off sickness in my family. I never think it safe to be without them; they are a fine, sure medicine. Most respectfully yours,
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I am using your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills and have recommended them above all pills, and sell a great many of them. I have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to, in preference of all Pills. Yours respectfully,
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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract disease.

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☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

IN THE DOG DAYS.

"Bring hither, bring hither my red handbox,
Bring hither my handbox green,
And my handbox brown from London town,
And my box of silver sheen.

"And it's oh for my trunk of leather tough,
And my trunk of oak-ribbed zinc,
And my trunk so tough, of canvas stuff,
That will bulge, but will not shrink.

"Oh, pile them high with the robes I wear
Till their lids they overflow,
My lord he will stare, and she he will swear:
But in they will have to go."

"Oh waly, waly, my ladye fair,
Now whither and will ye flee?"
"To Mount Saint Bashaliet-Worri-Ancair
On Conytie-by-the-Sea."

They have seized her boxes one and all
In the Tavern Lattie de Kidd;
And loudly for help the porters call
As they stack them up in entry and hall,
And pile them high against bulkhead and wall;
But wherever they stow them, great and small,
Far out of her reach they are slid.

Her room is a cell a fathom long,
Her bed is a thing of fears,
Where all night long the noiseless song
Of the wingless bird she hears,

And her lord he lies in a hallway lone,
On a sleep-destroying cot,
Where she hears him groan in a wrathful tone,
"It's—" ("Hush!") "It's—" ("'sh! hush!")
"—hot!"

And all this time in their home in town,
A mansion of cold gray stone,
There are peaceful glooms in seventeen rooms,
Where the burglar sleeps alone.

—BURDETTE.

A droll dog—A wag with a funny tale.

The honey bee is a regular merchant. It cells combs for a living.

Out of proportion—Two spoons to one plate of ice cream.

A good way to get into a scrape is to shave with a dull razor.

If big heads are a sign of astuteness, a cabbage should be sharper than a pin.

What a large number of people would rather have left unsaid—"Will you marry me?"

How is it that there is no place where there is so apt to be a fresh breeze as by the salt sea?

Advice to husbands: Never talk in your sleep unless you are sure what you are going to say.

It is very unhealthy for a growing boy to smoke tobacco—particularly if his father catches him at it.

Customer: "Are you sure this bread is fresh, baker?" Baker: "Well, I should say so—it's to-morrow's."

A wedding ceremony should not pass off too smoothly. For instance, there should be a hitch of some kind.

Starch is said to be explosive. It causes explosions in the family when the old man finds it has been left out of his collars.

The days of the book agent are numbered. A German firm has invented a steel-clad bullet that will penetrate four inches of brass.

There are many and various ways of becoming a man of mark; but the easiest and most effectual is to lean up against some newly-painted railing.

The waiter's ready explanation: "How can you give such a dirty napkin as this?" "Beg pardon, sir; got folded the wrong way, sir. There, sir; how's that, now?"

Small boy: "Do you believe in the Fourth of July?" Small girl: "No, I don't. So, there!" Small boy, in a shocked tone of voice: "My! Where do you go to Sunday school?"

"Resolved, That the common schools of this country have done more for its prosperity than the circus," was the question before a Paterson, N. J., debating society last week. Decided in the negative.

Dobbs thinks the "tree of knowledge" was the birch tree, the twigs of which have done more to make man acquainted with arithmetic than all the other members of the vegetable kingdom combined.

Said a worthy gentleman to one of his friends: "I wish you would try and make my son see the error of his conduct." "But why don't you do it yourself?" "Well, you see, being his father, I have but little influence over him."

The bull dog in the play succeeded the other night in Buffalo in dragging from under the player's collar the piece of liver which coaxed him on, and, taking it before the footlights, he sat down and quietly ate it, while the villain escaped.

"Ma," said Bobby, "have I been a good boy to-day?" "Yes, Bobby, and I am very proud of you." "Well, will you do me a favor, ma?" "If it's reasonable, Bobby. What is it?" "Let me go to bed to-night without saying my prayers."

Wife: "John, why didn't you wake me up last night during the fire in the next block?" Husband: "It didn't amount to much." Wife: "Well, the next time I wish you would let me know it; you know I can't sleep if there is a fire anywhere near."

In one of the new girls' schools, the inspector arrives to make an examination: "I wish to have the best informed young lady come to the blackboard," he says, solemnly. No one moves. "Then," says he, gracefully, "I should like the prettiest one to come." They all stand up.

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.

Years ago, it was comparatively rare for ships, except the very first-class passenger vessels, to carry a surgeon, the captain himself doing what was needful in the way of physicking anybody who felt ill. And in order to prevent the possibility of any accidents happening, the captain was provided with a little book of instructions, with the ordinary complaints of humanity neatly classified, and brief directions as to the medicine to be given for each, somewhat in this style: "Headache, medicine, No. 10;" "Stomach-ache, medicine, No. 13;" and so on.

So all the captain had to do, when the patient declared his complaint, was to open his medicine chest where all the medicines were numbered off so as to tally with the instructions in the book.

On the voyage there was such a run on medicine No. 13 that, after the ship had been a couple of months at sea, it was all exhausted.

However, one morning a patient presented himself, complaining of the pain for which No. 13 was the only specific on board, and the captain was fairly puzzled.

"Twelve is nigh to thirteen. Try him with number twelve," said the mate, thoughtfully; but the captain shook his head.

The book said No. 13, and nothing but No. 13. The captain looked up at the rigging. The mate scratched his head. The patient rubbed the part that ached, and groaned. Moved by these marks of suffering, a bright idea struck the captain.

"We're not of No. 13, right enough," he said to the mate, "but seven and six is thirteen. So I'll give him half a dose of No. 7, and half a dose of No. 6; and I'll be bound that'll put him to rights."

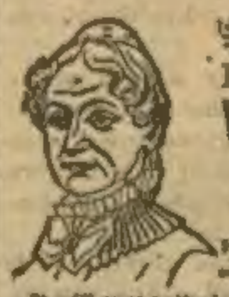
No sooner said than done, and the sagacious skipper, having mixed the two medicines, gave them to the sufferer, who departed much comforted.

And the mate went away swearing to himself, and unable to contain his admiration for his skipper, in whose figure-head he vowed, with many expletives, there was a good deal more than anybody would have thought.

CULTIVATING COFFEE.—There is needed a rich soil, plenty of water and perfect shade; for the coffee-plant cannot stand direct sun-rays any more than cold. Just before the rainy season, seeds are planted in peculiar diagonal lines, so as to give about ninety trees to the acre, and given over to a farmer's care for five years. He at once plants banana trees beside them, which answer a double purpose of shading the tender growth and of producing quick returns. Meanwhile, the slower growing bucare, which is permanent, is planted, and by the time the coffee is large enough to bear, is ready to shield it for life. The owner now takes possession of his estate and it begins to yield, continuing for thirty years or more, with an average annual product of ten pounds to a tree. About the middle of March it is in full blossom, bearing a pretty, white, daisy-shaped flower, with half a dozen lanceolate leaves and a delicate vanilla perfume. The fruit or berry, containing two coffee beans lying face to face like chestnuts in a burr, ripens early in autumn, when it is picked, husked, washed, sorted according to size and quality, and sent off to market in sacks of from 125 to 130 pounds.

IN PARAGUAY, at Guara-Cua, a woman going to bathe in the lake laid her child down under a neighboring tree and walked down to the water. A gibola, however, on the look-out for prey at the shore, sprang at and seized her before she could escape. Soon afterwards a horseman passing near heard some cries, and on examining round saw the child alone under the tree. Suspecting some disaster, he rode down to the lake, and there saw a huge snake swallowing the woman, who was already drawn in up to the waist. Hastily tying his two lassoos together, the man threw the noose over the woman and under her arms, and spurring his horse, succeeded in drawing the unfortunate woman's still palpitating body from the throat of the disappointed monster. Whether the woman survived is not stated.

A VELVET dog collar with a padlock in gold, and jeweled, is one of the latest freaks of fashion for young ladies; the velvet band is about an inch and a half wide, and is worn close around the throat; the padlock is in the form of a pendant, and is hung on the velvet in front.



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Is a Positive Cure
For Female Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

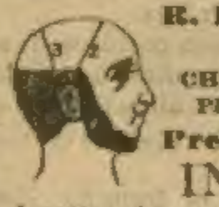
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the Female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. Price $1. Six bottles for $5.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents a box at all druggists.



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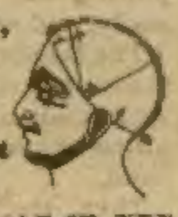

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Agents make $5 a day with Plush Chromos in U. S. Particulars free. FOSTER & MANN, Cincinnati, O. ALBUMS

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Price, 20c. per Cake. Box 3 Cakes 50c.

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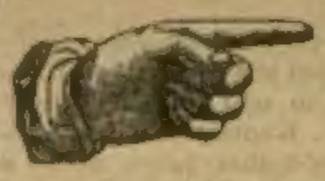

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This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

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SPECIFIC No. 28
In use 15 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
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PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

Latest Fashion Phases.

It is a mistake to suppose that the women who spend most on dress are those who think most of it. Those to whom money is no object and who need only wish in order to have, leave the burden of planning as well as execution to their dressmaker; it is the woman who must maintain a decent appearance on a small allowance and by taste and ingenuity make one dollar do the work of five, who gives her whole mind to the subject.

Fortunately taste and ingenuity can do a great deal, but even they must have some material wherewith to work. The woman who dresses, not handsomely, that is impossible, but well on a small allowance, must be a genius in her way.

She must make her own dresses with, at most, the occasional aid of a dressmaker at $2 a day; must do her own embroideries, trim her own bonnets, have an artist's eye for color, and a French-woman's knack at picturesque combinations, in short, she must be able to make the most of all she has, however little it may be.

In the first place every purchase, no matter how trifling, must be made with reference to future as to the present use. Her best dress for this summer, for instance, must be such that it will make over advantageously next year for second best, and the year after do for afternoon wear at home.

Conspicuous colors, however tempting, unless indeed they be wonderfully becoming, must be avoided if she would not be known by her dress. Neutral shades are her safest choice, and the material should be as good as she can possibly afford.

"The destruction of the poor is his poverty," and there is such a thing as being too poor to be economical, paradoxical as the statement may seem; that is, one may be forced to buy an inferior article for lack of the money necessary to purchase a good one.

Still it is far better to have but one suit a season and have that handsome than to buy half a dozen cheap suits with the same money, unless, indeed, in summer, when a variety of light and airy toilets are to be preferred to one rich dress.

Real lace is an investment, and with care will last a lifetime. Take a real Spanish fichu for example; with a little ingenuity it is a scarf, a mantle for outdoor wear, a fichu for evening dress, or, arranged over a silk bonnet with a spray of flowers, an elegant evening bonnet. Handsome lace never goes out of fashion, and when worn can always be renovated.

On the other hand, money spent for cheap cotton imitations is worse than thrown away—it spoils any toilet, for no lady with any pretentions to taste ever wears cheap finery.

A narrow linen collar is always in better taste than cotton lace, while crepe lisse ruching, calling for no great outlay at the moment, is appropriate with the richest dress.

Crepe lisse, though, is expensive, because so often requiring renewal, so that real lace, in spite of the first cost, is much more economical in the long run.

It is a good plan to buy cheap tarletane ruches, and baste them inside the crepe lisse, low enough down not to show. Thus placed, they protect the crepe lisse from crushing, as well as from becoming soiled by contact with the skin.

What has been said about imitation cotton laces in no wise applies to pretty hand-made thread laces which have of late years become the refuge of those who have refined tastes, but cannot afford to indulge them.

Ostrich feathers also may be counted as an investment, since they are always in fashion, and when on hand reduce the cost of a new bonnet considerably.

So, too, with handsome cut jet or fine pearl buttons; costing more perhaps, at first, they practically last forever, and may be used again, while passamenterie and silk buttons seldom wear as long as the dress for which they were originally bought.

The question of gloves is a difficult one for the practically economist in dress. To be well-gloved is absolutely necessary to a good appearance, and even with the greatest care kid gloves soon grow shabby.

Cheap gloves are apt to prove a snare and delusion, and when these are used it is well to find some place where they keep a make which is to be relied upon, and buy always at that one place.

It is a clever expedient to take the long tops of gloves, the fingers of which are past wearing, and match them in two or three-button gloves, which, being out of fashion, may be bought very cheap, and to which the tops may easily be sewed, the join being hid under the bracelet when the gloves are worn.

In taking off gloves they should never be pulled by the ends of the fingers. Instead, turn the top of the glove down over the hand and take hold of the fingers through the kid. By this means the fingers will not be rubbed in taking off.

When purchasing a pair of gloves match the color in a five cent spool of fine sewing silk, and mend each tiny rip as it appears. "A stitch in time saves nine, here as elsewhere. If the glove tears, the edges of the rent should be closely button-holed, stitched, and then button-holed together. In order to prevent so many accidents in the pulling on of gloves, let the following directions be observed: Turn the glove down beyond the button, and let the fingers work on thoroughly to the ends, also the thumb, then turn the glove over and adjust gently into place, but avoid pulling it.

If the gloves were laid in a damp towel for three or four minutes previously to pulling on, they would draw on more easily, and seldom or never tear.

The fashion of combination costumes is a tower of strength to her who must do much with small means, since it allows her to utilize any scraps which she may have on hand.

Then, too, the fashion of framing the front breadth of a skirt gives great scope to the employment of an inconsiderable quantity of handsome material, and many "short lengths" of rich brocade, velvet, or satin may be most advantageously used in this manner.

The bodice is often of the same material as the panels, but where this cannot be accomplished, a portion can be introduced as trimmings, such as revers, plastrons, or pelerine and cuffs. The jacket, different from the skirt, is another economical style, and one which has become very popular.

Neatness is, however, the great desideratum to economy in dress. If the toilet is carefully made, the dress tidy, well-fitting and neatly put on, and the color frill spotless, the effect can scarcely fail to be attractive.

To keep garments fresh and neat much pains is necessary. The dress must be brushed, or at least shaken when taken off, and be carefully hung up, not tossed down on a chair or the bed in a crumpled heap.

Gloves should be tenderly smoothed out, frills rolled up and straightened, and ribbons smoothed over the fingers, tightly rolled up, and pinned with a fine needle; a pin is apt to leave its mark behind it in unsightly holes.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

There seems to be a great run upon every sort of oriental fabric at present among those followers of fashion who take art as their especial line.

Imitations—and very clever ones, too—of the real thing flood the market, and so-called art muslins, in odd tints, at about eight cents a yard; Kamari and Sumatra muslins, at a rather higher price, about a yard wide, and suitable for window curtains, in broad stripes of two colors; quaint printed calico, and limp thick muslin, equally cheap, averaging 42 or 52 inches wide, sold principally for summer bed-coverlids; fancy colored canvas for hangings; oriental tapestries, thick and warm, and many other materials, are to be seen everywhere, in all rooms, and also in vestibules, and conservatories leading out of drawing-room.

Some of the tapestry hangings are wonderfully cheap, and most effective in appearance. These are adapted as portieres or as curtains to draughty doors; the latter being fixed to the door, on a brass rod, so that it offers no obstruction to the opening and shutting of the door. A real old piece of good work or tapestry is often shown off in this way.

For summer coverlids there are the Crete ones, with or without gold thread, in pale, harmonious colors, on a cream or cheese-colored ground. These are in large and small sizes.

Plain-colored soft muslin curtains are very fashionable in boudoirs, as are the misty-looking flowered ones. Cream and white window curtains look well when caught loosely back with two silk handkerchiefs, the point of one being towards the window, and the point of the other towards the room.

Pale sea-green and plover's egg-yellow look well together, also pale blue and rather deep terra-cotta. Grey and yellow, or brown and yellow, are occasionally seen, according to the coloring of the room and the fancy of the hostess.

It is now so much the fashion to take down the heavy winter curtains, and put up pretty light cretonne, printed linen, or muslin, that all the new introductions of recent fabrics come opportunely at this season.

Some cream leno curtains, with a broad red stripe, are cheap, and very popular; and they are also cut and adapted for tea-cloths, morning aprons, and hangings for a small bed or mantel shelf.

Carved woodwork for fitting into windows above the doors, etc., can now be purchased at the different shops. It is in exact imitation of Oriental carving.

In several houses, where the long narrow drawing-room windows look out upon a stone balcony, the windows have been removed from their original place, thrown out to the edge of the stone, and the carved woodwork fitted in instead.

In the embrasures, if I may so express it, ferns and plants are kept, and a hanging lamp, with colored shade, throws its soft light at night, in the centre. This is a very great improvement to most rooms, and gives an appearance of space.

In these days of travel, carved woodwork is much imported by people who go abroad on the look-out for curiosities and treasures. I recently saw a very quaint carved Portuguese ox yoke, which had cost the traveller no end of trouble to bargain for, carry off, and bring home, adapted as a centre panel to a sideboard. It was very heavy, in light-colored oak, and carved in a very quaint, rough manner. It had been purchased off the very necks of the patient beasts, which do so much of the labor in Portugal.

The backs of tall, carved oak chairs are sometimes adapted as the "jambs" of mantelpieces, or as panels; and all sorts of small pieces are fitted into overmantels, corner-cupboards, blotting-books, or the panels of doors.

In modern woodwork, the drawing-room toadstool is the last introduction. It is the popular milking stool carried out in the form of a toadstool, with the enlarged stalk and the curved edge. It is to be had in unpainted wood, so that the amateur may color it to look like a toadstool.

As there is great variety and much brilliancy of color among the fungi, there is unlimited scope for the brush of the artist. I have seen one painted red, with white spots, and another brown, with red ones, which were most natural in appearance, though somewhat unusual in size.

Another pretty knickknack is a flat wooden frame to hang against the wall or rest on a small table easel, sufficiently large and long to hold three cabinet photographs abreast, with a two-inch space between each aperture, and a wide margin all around. This is first painted in oils, shaded from palest blue to dark neutral tint, and afterwards with a bough spreading across the entire top, covered with a row of about twenty little birds nestling close together. A branch of flowering blossom spreads upwards from one corner, standing out well from the dark background, and a few birds are flying downwards between the photographs. With apple blossom and swallows the effect is very good; also with robin redbreasts and a snowy bough, or with a row of sea-birds, and sea view painted below. The frames are from 18 to 20 inches long, and 10 to 12 inches deep; but, of course, these dimensions are subject to alteration.

Painting very large jars, for standing in corners of rooms, is being done now by busy "dabblers." The jars are colored first with house-paint, allowed to dry perfectly, and then painted over with the liquid color sold in small tins. If flowers are afterwards added, such as large "sword" leaves, iris, sunflowers, foxgloves, hemlock, etc., oil tubes are used. The jars stand three feet and upwards, and are of that oval form which one sees in illustrated editions of the "Forty Thieves." They are sometimes seen in balconies, in their natural color or painted dark green.

Colored pots of graceful shape are now to be had, with three gold-linked chains attached for hanging up. A plant or cut flowers, grasses and creepers are put in these. They are in shades of yellow and green, round in form, with crumpled edges, and in two or more sizes. Other pretty things are the small table lamps, supported by owls in immitation stained ivory.

A WELL-TO-DO negro living on Orange Lake, near Citra, Florida, saw a very large alligator make his appearance among a lot of hogs in the lake, seize one of the best in the herd and attempt to make off to deep water with it. The other hogs attacked the alligator on all sides—some by the legs, others by any convenient part. After killing him they fell to work making a hearty meal of him.

Confidential Correspondents.

H. A. S.—1. The third—the wedding finger—of the left hand. 2. The gentleman's initials first, thus: A. B. to C. D., followed by the date or year of the presentation.

NELLIE.—The only way to soothe the bitter feelings your self-will has raised is to acknowledge your fault and endeavor to improve yourself when you have gained forgiveness, so as to offend your friend no more.

NAREC.—The best cure for such nervousness as you describe is, unquestionably, to try to forget self, and to devote all the powers of mind and body to give pleasure to others. This is also the most useful life that a girl can lead.

DARLING.—Croesus was King of Lydia, and passed for the richest of mankind. Æsop lived under his patronage, and his Court was the asylum of learning. He was defeated by Cyrus, King of Persia, B.C. 548, deposed from his kingdom, and died in obscurity.

EIGGAM.—For the information which we have already more than once supplied respecting the origin of the term "blue stocking," we have given full particulars already. A society of learned ladies adopted stockings of this color as a badge, in 1400, at Venice, and the last of that clique was Miss Monckton, subsequently Countess of Cork, who died in 1840.

M. D.—You must get over your bashfulness and speak to her. Perhaps if you should tell her your dream she would tell hers to you. That would pave the way to a satisfactory interchange of views on the singular coincidence of your both dreaming the same dream on the same night, and the advisableness of having the dreams come to pass.

INQUIRER.—The difference between an allegory and a metaphor is simply this: the former, as a figure of rhetoric, is the embodiment of a train of thoughts by means of sensible images which have some analogy to the thought, and differs from the metaphor in its extent. The latter is expressed in a single sentence or even word, while the allegory is sustained through the whole representation.

BALLAST.—1. When a ship is overladen and in danger under rough weather, it is often necessary to lighten her by throwing part of her cargo overboard, which proceeding is described as "to jettison" the ship, from the French word jeter, "to throw away." 2. The terms "liquid" and "fluid" are commonly employed synonymously, but the latter has a broader signification than the former. All liquids are fluids, but some fluids (such as air) are not liquids.

AGUES.—It is well to avoid all familiarities until the young man has proposed and is accepted. Reckless endearments lead very often to a great deal of harm. You have done all that you properly can do. It is now his place to write. If he does not, but calls when and how he pleases, keep up the cool treatment, or do not see him at all. This may bring him to his senses, or send him away. And if he goes away simply on account of your acting as a girl should, you are well rid of what might be a bad bargain.

A. S. M.—You appear to be in a sickly, unwholesome state of mind, produced by a similar condition of body. Pray daily to God to deliver you from evil thoughts, occupy yourself in useful manual work, and read interesting books of travels, history, or such like. Go to bed early, and either work in your garden or give yourself wholesome exercise with a skipping-rope, or battledore and shuttlecock, and indulge no more in such silly morbid fancies. If you continue to do so you will soon be fit for a lunatic asylum.

TAM.—You inquire whether it is "proper for a gentleman to speak to a lady at the seaside without an introduction." Do you really feel doubtful as to the licence which the proximity of salt water, sand, and stones may concede to the stronger sex, and withdraw the protection usually claimed by the weaker? Is a man to forget his manhood, not to say honor and gallantry as a gentleman, because he is enjoying the breezes of a watering-place? Or may a lady (so-called) so forget her womanly self-respect as to permit the impertinent intrusion upon her society of a low-bred man, because she is likewise refreshing herself at the same place? Decidedly not, by any means.

CONSTANCE.—The saltness of the sea is explained by many to be caused as follows: "Rivers which are constantly flowing into the ocean contain salts varying from ten to fifty, or even a hundred grains per gallon. They are chiefly common salt, sulphate and carbonate of lime, magnesia, soda, potash, and iron. These are the distinguishing characteristics of sea water. The water which evaporates from the sea in the form of rain is nearly pure, and falling upon the land it washes the soil, and percolates through the rocky layers, until, charged again with saline matter, it returns to the sea. It is the chloride of magnesium which gives that damp, sticky feeling to clothes that are washed or wetted with sea water. The deeper the shade of blue the saltier the water, and when the color is green, the water is much fresher.

G. D. L.—There are often tacit engagements formed between young people of opposite sexes, the result at first of a sort of sneaking kindness. This grows afterwards to an openly displayed preference: it is, perhaps, mutually understood that each has a great liking for the other, and, at that precise time, neither care for anyone else, nor do they look out for another lover, and yet no actual confession or explanation has taken place. This is a tacit engagement; the lady feels sure that she has safely in thrall the heart of the gentleman, and he believes that his personal qualifications have fixed him in the imagination of the lady with a permanency which time itself can hardly efface; the mutual attachment becomes a matter of course, and he presumes it is unnecessary to speak out; he cannot expect the lady to do so. All goes on smoothly until, lo! another youth, with superior personal qualifications, appears on the scene; he, too, is smitten, and so, perchance, is the lady, but he is bolder and wiser—he speaks out; that is business. "A bird in the hand," etc., thinks the lady, and she accepts number two, while number one goes about distraught, hair disordered, linen attire disarranged, pale faced, and full of woe—a victim. "Jilted," he cries, "and by her! Oh, it is base and heartless of you to jilt me thus!" The man talks nonsense; he is not jilted; he has only himself to blame—he should have spoken out. Had he done so, and the lady, when challenged, confessed the soft impeachment, perfectly acquiescing, had left the rest to papa and mamma, and after this had extinguished number one by accepting number two, then, indeed, would number one have been jilted, and the lady heartless, etc. A legitimate jilt can only occur after an actual engagement.